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THE FRONT PAGE

ALL at once the people of the United States have come to understand that William Jennings Bryan is a serious candidate for the Presidency of the United States. It is rather difficult for a rank outsider to understand how he has grown into the proportions of a serious candidate, after having been twice beaten, and after having, for the past two years, been absent from his native land. But on looking the situation over, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that Bryan has become a serious candidate for two reasons: (1) because he has tickled the vanity of his countrymen by hobnobbing for these many months with the kings and rulers of this world, and (2) because for nearly two years he has not opened his mouth on a public platform in the United States. These things helped him. Bryan has strengthened himself with his countrymen by creditably representing his nation abroad at his own expense, by conferring with His Holiness the Pope at Rome, by meeting the King of Italy, the King of England, the President of France, and two or three Emperors, Shahs, and Sultans. Nobody values such intercourse more than does the unwashed mob of a republic. It is a queer twist in human nature, that the people who murder their own king, worship the shadow of the king next door. Nowhere on earth does a title excite more interest than in Boston, Massachusetts, where the tea got wet long ago. Not only has Bryan gained much in the esteem of his countrymen by his intercourse with the royal personages of the earth, but he has gained much by his long abstention from public utterance in his own country. He always talked too much when at home. Frank and eloquent speech won him the Democratic nomination years ago, and he made the mistake of supposing that a nominee of a party should speak as freely as an aspirant for nomination. W. J. Bryan is a man in earnest, in a country where nobody says what he means, and it would not occasion surprise if the prediction made in London, by a Republican, and cabled across, came true. He said that Bryan could be defeated by nothing but his own utterances, but that he would inevitably speak the words that would defeat himself. Sink or swim, he will say what he has to say. I was among those who met him after his speech in Massey Hall a few years ago, and, right or wrong as he may be on the fiscal question, nobody who knows him can doubt that if he secures the Presidency of the United States he will accept the office on his own terms. He is the dose of medicine that the Republic badly needs—a President who will not compromise on any social or moral question at so much on the dollar. He will settle at par.

There is no spoken word of Bryan's that lends color to the expectation of politicians at home that he has come back prepared to forget any principle for which he contended before he left. His first words on nearing home were in perfect keeping with his last words on leaving. He may no longer advocate the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, because the values of these precious metals have begun to adjust themselves of their own accord, but in all else he is the same radical and socialist as before. Several of the best newspapers in the United States have said during the past fortnight that Roosevelt is the only Republican in the country who can defeat Bryan, and Roosevelt repeats emphatically that he will not be a third term candidate. But will he not? Show him that he can win and he will take it.

ONE of the city papers announces that "the friends of Mr. Blank are booming him for the vacant seat in the High Court of Ontario." This must be untrue. The names of several other candidates for the two judgeships now vacant, are being mentioned in the press. Can it be said, however, that anybody is being "boomed" for the honorable office of Judge in the High Court of Ontario? Let us suppose that there is a vacant seat on the bench, and that Smith, Brown, and Jones are eligible for the post. How does the future judge comport himself during the trying days of uncertainty? We have seen other men chasing after offices less honorable and remunerative—have seen them with their hooks out, reaching, or with their hammers out, knocking, or their friends out, ambushing other chasers after the same job. But could it be possible that a judge could be boomed for his job, or that he could chase and capture it, or hide in a thicket and plot to trap it, like a Siwash Indian contriving to stock his tepee with fresh meat? It is contrary to all our ideas of judges and the bench to suppose that the habits of the aboriginal man can cling to these highest specimens of the race, and one prefers to think that Smith, Brown, and Jones, when mentioned for a seat on the bench, will sit back haughtily in their respective places and await the solemn call of the Minister of Justice to the one best fitted to the post. Seated on the woolsock, high above those mean levels of life where men are swayed by passions, prejudices, and preferences, let nobody tell us that these men reach their high place by political favoritism, by simian agility in climbing, or by boosts from their friends below. Were the press to talk much about aspirants being boomed for seats on the bench, it would disturb that fine faith in the judiciary that is our proudest boast. They don't climb. They don't canvass. They are chosen from on high.

WHEN John D. Rockefeller was in France, his presence led people to talk about money. They could not help it. The man, his very name, compelled every mind to thoughts of wealth. One of the newspapers, the *Gaulois*, invited its readers to say what they would do with such a fortune as that of Rockefeller if they had control of it. One reader recalled the eminently sensible reply of an ancient Roman when asked the same question in his day: "You might just as well ask me," he replied, "what I would do if I were transformed into a lion." That is about the size of it. Men who never had any money worth speaking about are full of theories as to what they would do if suddenly made rich, but when sudden wealth actually comes to a man, his preconceived notions vanish. Transformed into a lion, consorting with lions, he takes their advice, and follows the instincts of

his race. It is sometimes one's privilege to see an employee transformed into an employer, whereupon his whole point of view on the relations of capital and labor undergo a change. Or one sees a workman blossom into a foreman, and become just such a taskmaster as the ex-crate being whose tyranny he used to complain about. A young fellow starts out in life under such conditions that he can scarcely get enough bread to eat; he progresses until he is in comfortable circumstances, and feels sure that presently he will be perfectly satisfied to quit gathering money. But one day he makes a rich strike, and instantly his views are greatly widened as to the possibilities that lie ahead of him. The more extensive his operations become the greater grows his desire to accomplish, to acquire, to control, to checkmate this rival or that. He steps up a peg, and confronts every year a more powerful class of rivals, needs every gain he can make, until, even with the wealth of a Russell Sage, he has got to keep his eye peeled or he will get crushed. When a man gets involved in the financial game, all his juvenile dreams disappear. He no longer wants to walk around

Miss Russell lost the above amount in the San Francisco fire, and all she saved of the disaster was the canary, which was not lost. Let us trust that the real owner of the bird will rouse up this item, and take Dickie away from Miss Russell. So these theatrical agents spin yarns to boom their stars. But they lack imagination. Why do they stick so closely to stories about swimming and canary birds? Can they invent nothing new?

AN absconder from the United States who was arrested in Toronto the other day made some feeling remarks about the comparative value of honesty and dishonesty as a means to happiness. He had tried both. Making away with \$125,000 of other people's money, he says for the benefit of whom it may concern, that he has led a haunted life ever since he began to handle stolen funds, has never enjoyed a moment's peace of mind, and could have been happier working at day labor with a clean conscience. There is nothing new in this. Everybody is supposed to know that the

to send out printed circulars advertising any kind of a remedy, and butting into any other doctor's field of labor, even with a medicine designed to serve a purpose for which the resident doctor knows of no drug that is of any use whatever. Perhaps the medicine in question is no good, in which case it will be like all other medicines prescribed for the same ailment—no better and no worse. But at any rate the vendor is trying to supply a remedy that otherwise is lacking, and he cannot be considered an enemy to society even though he may invade another physician's territory. Some argue that when a doctor discovers a useful remedy he should not patent it, but give it freely to mankind. This sounds well, but it is a question if he does not give it more directly and freely to mankind when he puts it on the market as a preparation, than he could in any other way. Assuming that a preparation has merit, in one case it is sold broadcast at a fixed price, and with its virtues made known far and wide; in the other, it is not given to mankind, but to the medical practitioners, who sell it in small doses to their patients, writing out the formula each time in Latin—and Latin, whether used by priest or physician, has cost the common people a mint of money for many centuries.

The New Orleans *Picayune* has just passed through a novel libel suit. It praised a local physician very highly, and he took action for damages on the ground that the paper had made him seem as if he were advertising himself. One court threw out the case; another has awarded damages to the doctor. If this holds good, if the publication of praise of a man can mult a newspaper in as heavy damages as if the man had been defamed, the newspapers may as well close up shop. In connection with the general question of doctors' advertising, a reader in New York writes to say that in a New England district the doctors on a given date withdrew all their cards from the press. The local editors planned a reprisal, and thereafter each death notice that appeared in any of the papers, concluded with the words: "Attended by Dr. Blank." The story, however, is not sufficiently vouched for.

NO doubt it is a mistake for the Province of Ontario to impose a two dollar fishing tax on tourists from the United States. They do not care about the two dollars, for the money would be spent, anyway, but they object to the routine they are compelled to go through in securing a license to use a fishing rod. When it was suggested that this tax should be levied on tourists, local anglers favored it, not because of the revenue it would raise, but because of the opportunity it would afford the authorities to acquaint tourists with our fishery regulations, which too many of them ignore. Perhaps, without taxing tourists, some means could be found by which they could be informed of the law and made to observe it. It is the slaughterers we should get after. It cannot be the desire of anybody to impose regulations that will have the effect of driving tourists back from the borders of the province, and visitors will never take kindly to an arrangement that compels them to hunt up a fishery inspector where one cannot be readily found. Some tourists who have visited Muskoka and the Georgian Bay for years, express a willingness to pay a license fee if they could pay it at a railway ticket office or at their hotels.

WHAT a great calm has fallen on the land! Not an enquiry going on anywhere, nobody being investigated, not one of the two dozen Royal Commissions sitting—only the police court hammering away at small offenders and finding business so brisk that afternoon sessions will have to be held. In this world the small offender always gets looked after, while the big one gets his case adjourned and goes away to the seaside.

A PROVINCIAL paper complains that some of the Toronto dailies went into convulsions because License Inspector Hastings was dismissed by the Ontario Government, yet had scarcely anything to say about the hundred other inspectors who shared the same fate. There is little in this to occasion surprise. It does not mean that the Toronto dailies condemned the dismissal of Mr. Hastings, and were indifferent to the firing of a hundred others; it only means that the human beings who edit these papers can see better what happens within a mile, than that which occurs a hundred or more miles away. They discussed the case that occurred under their own observation, rather than some remote case as to the facts of which they would have to depend on hear-say. Not only so, but the Hastings dismissal was in a peculiar way forced upon the press for discussion, by the fact that the Conservative License Board, under whose direction he worked, resigned in a body, and made written protest against his removal, charging that he was not removed in order to rebuke partisanship, but in order to introduce it. "This is the spoils system," said these Conservative Commissioners to the Conservative Government, "and hence we wash our hands of the whole thing." Nothing of this kind attended the dismissal of any other license inspector, which sufficiently accounts for the greater attention paid by the press to this case. In discussing the dismissal of Mr. Bastedo by the Whitney Government, the *Weekly Sun*, which aims to speak for and to agricultural opinion, tells its readers not to pay too much attention to what the Toronto papers say when a public official resident in the city is thrown out of office, because the editors of these papers meet these officials at dinners or in the clubs, know them personally, and are influenced by friendship. When one man knows another intimately, meets him frequently, discusses all kinds of subjects with him, he forms an opinion of the other man, which outside circumstances cannot easily overturn. If one man be an editor, and the other a public official, the editor will not be disposed to accept damaging accusations against the official whom he knows so well. If the charges do not fit in with his knowledge of the man, he distrusts the charges, and in the absence of the clearest proof, rejects them as untrue. It can scarcely be said that a man is unfitted to form an opinion of a case by having too much acquaintance with the chief actor in it, and perhaps a good many harsh judgments delivered by the press would not appear in print if the editors knew everybody and all things. It is the frequent experience of a political writer on a newspaper to roast a man for years, having a men-



AT KEEW BEACH ON CIVIC HOLIDAY



PATRONS OF THE FREE BATHING AT SUNNYSIDE

HOT WEATHER IN TORONTO

the streets with pockets bulging with money, handing ten-dollar bills to poor boys, and ragged folk generally. He used to think that he would like to go about town befriending the needy. He finds that if a man of wealth shows any tendency to loosen to the touch of the importunate he cannot get away from them, for they haunt him in office, home, and public street. He sours on them. He cultivates a cold manner, fences himself from intrusion, and that which he gives in charity he gives in very large lumps to organizations that will assume the worry of dispensing it, or in smaller sums that are handed over secretly. But it is idle for a poor man to speculate on what he would do were he a rich man. He wouldn't do what he thinks he would do.

SINCE making some remarks in last week's issue about theatrical press agents, and the wonderful stuff they send to editors, more of the same has been coming to hand. It seems that Blanche Walsh is a great swimmer, and is out in the bay every morning at 4 o'clock. Blanche is too fine an actress to require advertising of this class, and too handsome a woman to keep such hours. She should not swim in the bay at 4 a.m. It is too late and it is too early for any woman, considerate of her beauty, to be splashing in the lake. Another advance notice tells us that Annie Russell has a canary worth \$14,329.06. If the six cents had not been tacked on at the end one might have doubted the story.

way of the transgressor is hard, and that honesty is the best policy, but it does no harm to have a successful thief offer his testimony as to the truth of these homely old teachings.

DR. CRICHTON, of Castleton, whom the Medical Council would deprive of his license to practice medicine, because he printed and distributed circulars advertising a cure for *la grippe*, has sent me one of his folders. He claims to sell a medicine that he hit upon in treating himself, and from which he got instant relief. He quotes Dr. Jacobi of New York as saying: "There is no specific for influenza." Dr. John Zahorsky of St. Louis: "We have no drug that affects the course of influenza in the least." Dr. Osler: "Pneumonia is a self-limited disease, which can neither be aborted nor cut short by any known means at our command." *Dominion Medical Monthly*: "One eminent authority states that there is no treatment for pneumonia, that the patient will get along equally as well without medicines as with them." Dr. Crichton thinks he has found a remedy, and many who have tried it think so, too. The leaders in the medical profession admit their helplessness. They know of no drug that is of any use, and yet propose to squelch this doctor, who is selling to other doctors' patients a medicine to which instant cures are ascribed. It is not claimed by anybody that the medicine is harmful in any way. The only claim is that it is unprofessional

tal portrait of him as a hardened person with an evil influence on affairs, until some day he meets him, presently learns to know him, and finds him to be not only a decent fellow as men go, but a man of feeling, anxious to do the right thing as he sees it. Political writers set up distorted images of their adversaries, and see much evil in these that is not in the men themselves. They know their own political friends, like them, and attribute every virtue to them.

The daily newspapers of Toronto are generally on the right side in every civic crisis and moral issue. They are not to be purchased nor swung into line by any sinister influence, but they do respond a great deal to the pressure of personal friendship. It could not be otherwise, and who would have it otherwise? A man, whatever his calling, will be influenced by his friendships, and those who care least about their friends are least to be admired. In theory, editors, judges and policemen, know no friendships, but all flesh is grass, and a man's eye seeks the countenance of his friend. In law, politics or a street fight, let the stranger look to his fate.

FROM various parts of Canada comes the news that farmers and other employers of labor are showing a preference for Scotchmen and Irishmen, and are "down on" Englishmen. Farmers are stating frankly when enquiring for men, that they do not want Englishmen, although they will take them if they cannot do better. On the other hand, Englishmen are writing home to the papers in the Old Country, and telling of the "prejudice" that exists in this colony against them. Some time ago I mentioned some of the reasons why there begins to take form in this country a condition of mind that might seem like a prejudice against Englishmen. It is not well that letters sent to the British press should create a wrong impression, so the fact may be re-stated, that one kind of Englishman is responsible for the whole thing. The Canadian farmer is not much to look at. He does not worry about his personal appearance, and his favorite adage is that you must not judge a man by his clothes. In fact he rather prides himself on his contempt for fine raiment, and even makes a merit of his shabbiness. Once a week he puts on a "billed shirt," and a Sunday suit, and is pious and uncomfortable. Nor does he talk like a man of consequence. He scorns the rules of grammar and uses the handiest English he can lay his tongue to. His home, too, is not pretentious, nor is it managed in a way to impress a stranger with its importance as the residence of a landed proprietor. The hired man, in his shirt sleeves, sits at table with the family. Everything is free and easy, and all men are equal if they can handle the same number of sheaves. The young Englishman who reaches Toronto or Winnipeg, and engages to go out and work on a farm, entirely misunderstands the Canadian farmer whose employ he enters. He misjudges him because of his clothes, which are shabby; because of his readiness to perform the most menial tasks; because of the free and easy equality of the home. The particular kind of Englishman referred to is not an educated man, and, when his employer accords him equality, he at once assumes superiority, develops a contempt for the benighted Canadian farmer, and proceeds to teach him and his family many things. As he progresses in this, his own tales about what he has seen, and done, grow more marvellous. His own people at home grow richer and greater day by day, until in a fortnight he has an uncle in the House of Lords whose title he expects to inherit. Imposed on for a time, the farmer is rather proud of having a prospective Duke trying to milk his cows, and forgives him his clumsiness, his talkativeness, his tendency to boss the job. The farmer thinks it is not unnatural that this young stranger, reared in the lap of luxury, should hate to feed pigs, and so he puts up with a good deal. But the Canadian farmer is a shrewd old fellow, and as his hired man talks and talks, he keeps mental tab on his utterances, and finds the man a yarner. No longer will he be imposed upon, and the stranger is made to rise early and hump himself. The farmer resumes control of his farm, is a stubborn boss, and the hired man soon quits. Not all Englishmen who go out with our farmers to work by the month, are of this class; but it is astonishing how many of them have been scattered over the country during the past three or four years, telling fairy stories about their distinguished relatives, professing their ability to get large sums of money merely by writing for it. They scoff at the crude conditions that exist in Canada, and want to change everything, which is foolish on their part, for in a young country people are touchy on such points.

It is unfortunate that a comparatively few men, coming into Canada should, by the folly of their mouths, create a prejudice that injures all Englishmen who come out here seeking employment, but there is no remedy for it except to publish the facts in the hope that immigrants on the way over, will be supplied with literature on the subject that will let them know how the land lies out here.

MACK.



HOLIDAY MORNING.

Mr. A. H. Edwards, in his *Japanese Sketches*, is emphatic on the Japanese sense of beauty. He says: "An Englishman I knew was once crossing Tokyo in a 'ricksha'; he was a prosperous commercial being with a vast contempt for the 'heathen.' It was late afternoon. His kurumyo, after looking round at him several times, suddenly stopped short, and waving his hand to the west, said respectfully but firmly, 'Honorable please to observe the unusual glory of the sunset.' 'And I told him to jolly well get on,' was the end of the story as I heard it."

Burning San Francisco.

By Joaquin Miller.

(From his home, "The Heights," on the hills across the bay facing the Golden Gate, the poet saw the burning of San Francisco following the earthquake of April 18, 1906.)

SUCH darkness, as when Jesus died!
Then sudden dawn drove all before.
Two wee brown tomcats terrified,
Flashed through my open cottage door;
Then instant out and off again
And left a stillness like to pain—
Such stillness, darkness, sudden dawn
I never knew or looked upon!

This ardent, Occidental dawn
Dashed San Francisco's streets with gold,
Just gold and gold to walk upon,
As he of Patmos sang of old.
And still, so still, her streets, her steep,
As when some great soul silent weeps;
And, oh, that gold, that gold that lay
Beyond, above the tarn, brown bay!

And then a bolt, a jolt, a chill,
And mother earth seemed as afraid;
Then instant all again was still,
Save that my cattle from the shade
Where they had sought firm, rooted clay,
Came forth loud lowing, glad and gay,
Knee-deep in grasses to rejoice
That all was well, with trumpet voice.

Not so yon city—darkness, dust,
Then martial men in swift array,
Then smoke, then flames, then great guns thrust
To heaven, as if pots of clay,
Cathedral, temple, palace, tower—
An hundred wars in one wild hour!
And still the smoke, the flame, the guns,
The piteous wail of little ones!

The mad flame climbed the costly steep,
But man, defiant, climbed the flame,
What battles where the torn clouds keep!
What deeds of glory in God's name!
What sons of giants—giants, yea—
Or beardless lad or veteran gray,
Not Marathon nor Waterloo
Knew men so daring, dauntless, true.

Three days, three nights, three fearful days
Of death, of flame, of dynamite,
Of God's house thrown a thousand ways;
Blown east by day, blown west by night—
By night? There was no night. Nay, nay.
The ghoulish flame lit nights that lay
Crouched down between this first, last day!
I say those nights were burned away!

And jealousies were burned away,
And burned where city rivalries,
Till all, white crescenting the bay,
Were one harmonious hive of bees.
Behold the bravest battle won!
The City Beautiful begun,
One solid San Francisco, one.
The fairest sight beneath the sun.

—Sunset Magazine for June-July.

Cobalt and Other Mining Regions.

I have seen gold-mining on the Rand, writes the editor of the *Monetary Times*. I went down the Robinson Deep—the second richest mine, I think, in all the Johannesburg group. At twelve hundred feet the Kaffirs were taking the gold quartz out of seams two and three feet wide. The very best of the quartz yielded an ounce of gold to the ton. The gross return was, therefore, about \$18.90 per ton of 2,240 pounds. Some Cobalt ores have yielded over 4,000 ounces of silver to the ton of 2,000 pounds, worth about \$2,400.

The comparison is incomplete, for the Cobalt veins are not twenty-four or thirty-six inches wide. Still one ounce of gold is about all the British investor in the Kaffir market gets out of his ore. The by-products are insignificant. You see great heaps of almost white powder—the leavings of the stamps and chemical processes employed at each mine. They are worthless. To look into an open cut at Cobalt I stood on a pile of rock that had been blasted from beside the vein, and thrown aside, the ores having been sorted by hand. The refuse is waiting for a smelter to be started in the vicinity. A sample of it had been assayed, and proved to be worth \$70 a ton—nearly four times the value of the best gold quartz in South Africa.

In the same place I picked up a chunk of rock, brilliant with pieces of unsullied bismuth. Scattered around were portions of rock covered with the bloom which denotes the pteous presence of cobalt. After examining an average dump, the waste of another open cut, a friend, experienced and skilled in mining practice in Montana and Idaho, said the dumps of Cobalt were richer than the best output of Western mines, and that the miners of his country would not believe that ores existed in large quantities of such worth as those reported to have been assayed in Cobalt. But seeing is believing.

Great are the Whitelaw Reids.

No one in the diplomatic circle ever lived in greater splendor or entertained in a more sumptuous manner than Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the United States Ambassador, and his wife, are doing in London. It is costing Mr. Reid between \$250,000 and \$300,000 a year to keep the American eagle screaming, writes William E. Curtis from London. If he remains four years, it will cost him at least a million dollars to gratify his social ambitions. His house rent is \$40,000 a year, and he has a country seat for the summer, for which he pays \$20,000. His Embassy is the most sumptuous residence on Park lane, the most famous residence thoroughfare in London, and it is said to be insured, with its contents, for \$5,000,000. The mansion is called *Dorchester House*; it ranks next to Buckingham Palace, the residence of the King, in magnificence. It surpasses Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince of Wales. The drawing-rooms are arranged so that they open one into another, and combined can accommodate over a thousand people without crowding. The White House at Washington would look insignificant beside the American Embassy in London. To maintain this establishment Mr. Reid has more than fifty servants, and those who are seen by the public wear liveries of bright blue and gold, with broad revers of buff heavily trimmed with gold braid. The house belongs to Major Holford, a bachelor equerry of King Edward, and it is a rather singular coincidence that he should have at-

tended His Royal Majesty the other night to be entertained in his own house by his American tenant.

The reverse of the Embassy medal is shown in another despatch. Some of the scenes at the American Embassy's offices in Victoria street during the first part of the Longworths' stay in London were almost indecent. The wretched staff was busy all day warding off infuriated ladies from the Wild West who declared that they were entitled as American citizens to be invited to *Dorchester House* to meet "our President's daughter." The butler and footmen at *Dorchester House* had to fight hard to prevent battalions of Americans from dashing through the hall without even presenting cards.

Red Tape in the Paris Post Office.

A YOUNG English woman visiting in Paris, received a note from a friend, saying that tickets had been sent by an earlier post for a concert to take place that afternoon, but by error a wrong street number was written on the envelope.

This, said her correspondent, might make a delay in the arrival of the letter, and it would be well to make inquiries at once at the post office of the nearest division.

"Arriving at the post office of our quarter, I make known my errand to three young gentlemen in succession. The last young gentleman took out a long paper and demanded peremptorily my name, age, address, and birthplace. He was proceeding to that of my father and mother when I suggested that all this information, although doubtless of thrilling interest to the post office, could scarcely assist in restoring my lost letter, which contained tickets I must positively have before one o'clock that day.

"Ha, it is, then, of a letter lost!" he cried, as though suddenly illumined.

"Well, misdirected, as I have already explained to three persons here."

"But it is not here where one brings the letters which find themselves badly directed. Those letters are united in another department of the great post. This document here," he pointed to my biography, 'the chief of my department will despatch to the great post. One will make a communication to you as soon as traces of the letter are discovered.'

"It was half-past eleven when I reached the great post, and I was sent to five different departments before arriving at the one for misdirected letters. Feeling both snubbed and ill-used, I inquired whether, before we proceeded to fill in more forms, this monsieur would kindly tell me whether there was the remotest chance of recovering the letter that day before two o'clock.

"To-day! This day itself!" he cried, in shrill indignation. 'Parbleu, but you imagine to yourself, then, madam, that the post conducts itself like an automobile!'

"I hoped that since my letter is here—actually here in this department—that one could place the hand on it in the course of two hours. In England," I continued, with a fine outburst of patriotism, 'we have such a perfectly organized system that I should have the letter I required in ten minutes.'

"Remind yourself that England is, after all, but an island. Here we are in France—he threw back his head proudly—and here things march not so quickly. It will, perhaps, be fifteen days before your case comes up. Each must proceed in turn."

"Then it is useless to go into the matter," I answered, and in deep distress turned away."

Discussing the Board of Governors of Toronto University, the *Dominion Medical Monthly* says that nine of them represent finance, five represent law, and three divinity. Agriculture and the sciences are unrepresented. That journal concludes as follows: "The University Bill says that the Senate shall dictate the courses of study and the subjects to be taught. This looks as if the Board of Governors did not need to be fully conversant with how to educate. It looks all right on the face of it. But who supplies the money? The Senate may say that they will teach chemistry or any other department of science in the four years of the science course, or that they will teach pathology experimentally; but the Board, if it is more interested in Greek verbs because someone told them that they meant culture, would not supply the necessary money to teach the subjects in the many fields recommended by the Senate. The Board will always find money to teach what they, in their judgment, think most essential, while other departments must drag on as best they can. Because of the men selected, their judgments will always be in favor of the teaching of the humanities as opposed to the sciences. And if they do honestly desire to supply the needs of the seventy-five per cent. of the student body they can only do so at the dictation of others, which means that the new state of affairs shall be no better than the old."

An old Pennsylvania farmer, while on a visit to Philadelphia, was taken with a violent toothache, and calling on a dentist, was informed that the tooth must be extracted, and that he had better take gas for the operation. The patient agreed to this, and then started to count his money. The dentist remarked, "Oh, you need not pay me until I have finished." "I reckon not," replied the farmer, "but if you are going to make me unconscious, I thought I'd jest like to see how I stand."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Anarchist Berkman's book, *To Hell and Back*, is going to make a lot of people regret that he made the return trip.—Washington Post.

A little girl had been to the store to buy a slate-pencil each for herself and her small brother, and came home crying, "Mamma, isn't it too bad? I fell down and broke Johnnie's pencil!"

Wm. Pitt & Co.
Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers
Tailor-Made Suits, Millinery,
Dinner Gowns, Corsets,
Afternoon Gowns, Gloves,
Evening Gowns
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TORONTO THE INVESTOR MONTREAL

Toronto, Aug. 9.

A LARGE expansion in bank note cir-
culation is now in progress. The
banks are now sending funds in large
quantities to their agencies at interior
points for the purchase of grain, and it
is a certainty that the currency move-
ment this year will exceed that of any
previous year. The larger yield of
grain, together with the activity in all
lines of trade and industry, must neces-
sarily produce an active money market.
On July 1st the note circulation of banks
in Canada amounted to about \$70,000,-
000. The Government issues at that
date were about \$50,000,000, but as the banks held some
\$37,000,000 of the Dominion notes, the amount of this
particular issue in the hands of the people on July 1st
was only \$13,000,000. Add this to the bank note cir-
culation of \$70,000,000, and we get \$83,000,000. Then there
is the silver in circulation, which is generally estimated
at from \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000. Thus the circulation
of Canadian money on July 1st was from \$93,000,000 to
\$95,000,000, or from \$15 to \$16 for every man, woman,
and child in the country. This, it must be remembered, is
only pocket money. We have before dealt with the
amounts of money at the credit of the people in the banks.

While the wheat crop in the West is larger than in 1905,
it is doubtful if the value of the crop will
be much greater. There has been quite
a slump in prices of late, and already
quotations are from 10c. to 12c. per bushel less than
those of a year ago. At an average price, for instance,
of 65c. per bushel, a yield of 100,000,000 bushels this year
means \$65,000,000. In 1905, the crop amounted to 85,-
000,000 bushels, and prices were 10c. to 11c. higher. At
an average of about 75c. per bushel last year, the value
of that crop was about \$64,000,000, or within a million
dollars of the value of a crop which is about 15,000,000
bushels greater than in 1905.

In Ontario, the prices of wheat are much lower than
last year. White and red winter wheat a year ago were
quoted at 76c. to 78c., while now the prices rule at 70c.
to 71c. There is not much difference, however, in the
prices of oats, new being quoted at 30c. to 32c. now, as
well as a year ago. Peas are quoted higher than a year
ago, but when they begin to offer quotations will decline
from the present range. Corn is three or four cents
lower, while barley is on a line with last year.

Railway securities generally have advanced considerably
since July 1st, and it is thought that some in-
teresting developments may be expected in the
Railway Projects. The railway world before the end of the year. Pro-
jects of considerable importance are said to be
under discussion, involving the construction of much new
mileage, as well as important readjustment of relations
between some of the large systems. There are signs of
strong personal rivalry between some of the big leaders,
arising out of conflicting interests in newly developed ter-
ritory, and the "community of interest" is less harmonious
than for several years.

Monetary conditions on Wall street show some im-
provement, which should remain until the crop movement
begins. Credit has been strengthened by the recent liqui-
dation in stocks, and the activity in the export trade is a
factor of no small importance. In another week the
American crop movement will begin, and the demands for
money will increase until October. Recently, crop demands
upon New York averaged about \$30,000,000 each season.
A great many small National banks are being chartered
in all parts of the country, especially in the Western
States, the total for July being thirty-two, so that some
relief should be afforded from this source.

Canadian Pacific Railway shares are again attracting a
good deal of attention. The price of the stock
this week was higher than for months past, and
if the "rights" were added, the present price
would be higher than the previous record. Next Monday
is the date of the meeting of directors to take up the ques-
tion of the half-yearly dividend. For the fiscal year
ended June 30, the company shows net earnings on the
common stock of over 14 per cent., and there is a feeling
that some extra payment to shareholders may be made.
The position of the company in regard to its land holdings
has been greatly changed, and improved during the last
half year, as within this period the entire issue of land
grant bonds has been retired, and cancelled. The subsid-
iary Soo Line must expect to handle a large crop. It has
a standing advertisement for 12,665 men for harvesting.
The road ended up its year with a gain of \$224,000 in
gross earnings for June, or 35 per cent. above June, 1905,
while for the year gross earnings increased \$2,857,000, or
32 per cent., while net earnings increased \$1,575,000, or
36 per cent.

There has been a big shrinkage in the prices of British
securities within a few months. The *Bankers'*
Magazine of London says that the decline which
has taken place in values in every department
of the Stock Exchange is sufficiently serious.

The representative list of stocks shows a net deprecia-
tion of no less than \$45,000,000 in two months, the exact
figures being as follows: Aggregate value of 325 repre-
sentative securities on May 19, 1906, \$3,063,922,000; ag-
gregate value of 325 representative securities on July 21,
1906, \$3,018,539,000; decrease, \$45,383,000. In no de-
partment has the depression been more pronounced than
in that for British and other first-class securities, while,
next in order, foreign Government securities, notably,
of course, Russian bonds, have led the general downward
movement in prices.

James Stillman, who has been in Europe for the past five
months, is said to have repeated in a recent
letter to a friend in New York this story, which
he heard in Paris: An American banker
brought his son to Paris with the intention of
leaving him there to amuse himself for a while
before assuming the duties devolving on him as a pros-
pective partner in his father's banking house. The banker
introduced his son to his Paris bankers, telling them to
meet his son's drafts and to look to himself in case the
account was overdrawn. The American banker went
home to New York, and his son lost no time in starting
out to have a good time. He made such progress in the
course of a month that he had already become the source
of some apprehension to the Paris bankers. The account
had become overdrawn, but this caused no reduction in
the volume of drafts drawn by the young American. At
the month's end the Paris bankers, to protect themselves,
sent this cable to the young man's father: "Your son's



A. E. DYMENT, M.P.
THESSALON

account overdrawn 100,000. Shall we
honor further drafts?" The father, who
had more or less contempt for things
French, although he liked Paris about
as well as his son, sent this reply: "If
you mean pounds, send him home; if
you mean dollars, tell him to be care-
ful; if you mean those little things, let
him have all he wants."

The stock market has been so very dull
that it is mighty hard to
pull out a dollar. With
the exception of C.P.R.,

the only issue that has shown a fair ad-
vance recently is Nova Scotia Steel. The buying was
started in Montreal, on the rumor that the company would
soon resume dividends. It is known that the coal depart-
ment of this concern is very active just now. Larger
receipts of coal than ever before have reached Montreal
and Quebec from the mines in the east, and prices are most
satisfactory. The capital stock of Nova Scotia Steel and
Coal Co. is comparatively small, consisting only of \$1,-
030,000 of preferred, and \$4,970,300 of common, a total of
\$6,000,300. Bonds amount to \$4,000,000, of which \$162,000
have been cancelled, leaving \$3,838,000 outstanding. Last
year the Property and Mines account was increased
\$677,710, which amount was expended in completing the
Open Hearth Plant at Sydney mines, and in other addi-
tions and improvements. Net profits for the year were
\$559,906, and the company has now a total of \$1,255,656
at the credit of profit and loss account. The preferred
stockholders get 8 per cent. per annum.

Toronto Railway earnings continue to increase, even at a
greater ratio. The gross receipts of this com-
pany for the month of July were \$265,891, an
increase of \$26,421, as compared with July of
last year. Total earnings for seven months of
this year were \$1,680,811, an increase of \$193,752, as com-
pared with last year. The night service will be increased
as well as the day service. The men appear satisfied
with the decision of the arbitrators over the strike-break-
ers. The stock is not traded in to any extent, but it
holds firm around 117.

Newspaper men are getting into politics in Ontario, and
both parties have learned that country
editors make excellent candidates. Nor
is this the only field in which they are
successful. Francis B. Loomis, in the
North American Review, says that journalists are most
successful as consular or trade agents in foreign coun-
tries. "Patient study of our consular corps for the last
twelve or fourteen years shows," says Mr. Loomis, "that,
on the whole, a larger number of successful consuls have
come from the ranks of journalism than from any other
class of vocation. Self-respecting, active newspaper men
almost invariably make efficient consuls. They are
trained observers, they know how to describe concisely
what they see, and their reports are informing and clear.
They are likely to understand the art of getting on pleas-
antly with foreign officials, and are intelligent, intensely
patriotic, have a saving sense of humor, and do not often
yield to the temptation of boasting of their own country
and its achievements." This is gratifying, and we believe
it to be true.

The financial writer in *Leslie's Weekly* gives a few knocks
to those who cry down all the big com-
panies, and men who do things. He
says: "A disposition to take the corpora-
tions by the ear is manifested on all
sides. Railroads are being heavily fined for violating the
anti-rebate law, industrial combinations are being brought
to the bar and punished in various States under drastic
anti-trust statutes, State Legislatures are ordering a
sweeping reduction in railroad freights for local points,
and here and there men of wealth and standing in their
communities are being fined and sent to jail, because of
alleged illegal actions in connection with corporations
they control. All this more or less hysterical outbreak
against incorporated wealth finds encouragement from the
press and yellow magazines. Men who have achieved
reputations as writers find that they are too conservative
and old-fashioned to attract public attention, and that a
group of younger men, smart, if not brilliant, and mostly
graduates from the yellow press, are getting the public
ear. Of course nothing is left to the conservative writer,
if he desires to continue to make a living, except to join
the ranks of the radicals. Beyond all this, the enormous
popularity of the present ruler at the White House has
given him a following such as no other President has ever
had. Whatever he does is upheld by public acclaim. If
he goes West to kill a wolf or South to shoot a bear; if
he makes a raid on the packing-house industry or strikes
a blow with his big stick at the railway and industrial
corporations, he is applauded. The harder he hits, the
greater the applause. Is it surprising that with such a
backing even a conservative President might become radical
and be swept along with the tide much farther than
he intended to go? Is it to be wondered at that thought-
ful men are beginning to question whether the wonderful
and long-continued prosperity of the country can survive
this tendency to break it down?"

"What makes the average Britisher a gambler, both in his
business and in his recreations, is his ignorance
Chance. of the laws of probability," says *Knowledge and
Scientific News* (London, July). "He speculates in the
hopes of making a fortune, instead of devoting his atten-
tion to estimating the probability factor which often con-
verts that fortune into an expectation of loss. It is im-
portant that some knowledge of the theory of probabilities
should form a part of the most elementary education in
order to check this absurd and injurious speculative ten-
dency, and there can be no better way of making a start than
by showing that the results of theory are borne out by
actual experience." This has been done, the writer tells
us, in a recent book on "Chance" by Joseph Cohen (Lon-
don, 1906). "The author details the results of many
thousands of trials made by tossing a coin and throwing
dice, also with cards and Halma pieces, and he compares
the numbers obtained by actual trial with those found by
theory. The result gives an interesting idea of the per-
centage divergence which is to be anticipated when the
number of trials is finite, and it is interesting to see how
this divergence is small in the case of the more probable
events, and becomes greater in the case of improbable
ones."

General Prosperity.
The *London Statist* of July 28, reviewing the general
business situation, says: "Wherever one looks outside of

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are moving toward prosperity. In this
country the reproductive industries
upon which our welfare ultimately
depends were never so active. The
cotton, iron, woollen and shipbuilding
trades are all enjoying activity
and prosperity. The output of coal
is greater than it has ever been be-
fore, and prices are tending upward.
Only the luxury trades are less active
than they were, and the very fact
that they are somewhat less active
makes for the greater prosperity of
the country in the future. In recent
years the nation has consumed far
more of its wealth through extrava-
gant living, excessive expenditures
upon the army and navy and upon
municipal luxuries than is desirable
having regard to the future well-
being of the country. During the
last year or two extravagance has
given way to greater economy, and
instead of what may be termed the
'luxury' industries being in a state of
great prosperity, the 'necessary' in-
dustries, from which the wealth of
the country is derived, have become
exceedingly active, and all the indica-
tions point to still greater activity.
Consequently, the amount of surplus
wealth available for investment in the
reproductive industries of this coun-

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XVIII.

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Social and Personal

The sun and the people came out together in full force for the second day of the Canadian Henley at St. Catharines. Possibly less sun would have satisfied most of us, but as regards the people, it was a case of the more the merrier—at least from the standpoint of the Regatta Committee. Friday was an off day, socially at any rate, the dull weather keeping a great many away; while those who were present had dressed for rain and found the sun, when it did make a tardy appearance, somewhat exasperating. On Saturday, however, the crowd began assembling early, and the bright warm day made light dresses a necessity. Most of those who came over on early boats and trains went up to the Welland for lunch; but people arriving for the afternoon events had to lunch en route or put up with Port Dalhousie accommodation, in which there is much room for improvement. A number of Toronto people went over on the eleven o'clock boat—hosts of stalwart young representatives of the various rowing and canoe clubs, and a sprinkling of pretty girls, wearing the colors or badge of some favored club. One gay group picknicking on the hurricane deck consisted of Miss Mary Miles, Miss Greene, a dashing little Ottawa girl, in a cream suit and jaunty outing hat with band of the club colors, red and blue; Miss Vera Toller, another Ottawa, from which city, by the way, there was quite a contingent; Miss Jones, of Paris, Ontario; Mr. Canfield, and Mr. Joseph McDougall, of Ottawa. A little farther around on the same deck were those staunch I.A.A.A. supporters and ardent sportsmen, Lieutenant-Colonel Greville Harston, Mr. George Dunstan, Mr. A. R. Denison, Mr. R. S. Cassels, and Mr. John Greey. Another party from Toronto I noticed were Mrs. A. D. Stewart, her daughter, Mrs. Lane; Miss Simpson, a visitor from Lennoxville, Quebec; Mr. E. Barker, and Mr. J. G. Merrick. A bright, breezy visitor from Toronto was Mrs. A. Bromley Davenport, and Mrs. W. S. Lee, Mrs. Heron, Miss Edna Eastwood, and Miss Ireland were over also. By two o'clock the grand stand was filled to overflowing, and crowds lined the beach across the lake and at the end of the course. A few minutes before the races commenced the Press launch chugged up to the judges' stand, and Mrs. E. F. Seixas, of St. Catharines, sprang debonairly out. How keen is her interest in matters nautical was indicated by the number of medals and badges, which made a splash of color on her white frock, and the band of club colors on her outing hat. To the untutored feminine intellect, it seems almost incredible that people would come all the way from Winnipeg for a boat race; yet there was a small but enthusiastic band from that western city, who went wild with delight at the success of their team in the senior fours. One fair Winnipegger, Miss Savage, who on Saturday looked the picture of daintiness in a blue dress trimmed with white lace, and hat to match, was present both days, and "rooted" vigorously for her home club. She, with Mr. and Mrs. Savage, have been guests at the Welland for some time past. Amongst the Hamilton people present were Miss Hoodless, who came over on Friday; Mrs. Carscallen, and Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Harris, the latter wearing a cream suit with a cluster of red roses fastened on the stylish little jacket. There was quite a local "Beauty Show," as one man described it, noticeable, in which was Miss McSloy, who has just returned from an extended trip abroad. Mrs. Seixas came down in her private car, and brought with her Mrs. Carscallen of Hamilton, Miss MacLaren of St. Kitts, in a white dress and forget-me-not hat; Mr. Whitehead of Buffalo, and Mr. Burke and Mr. Walker of Philadelphia. The last race was pulled off about six o'clock, so that those who purposed returning on the seven o'clock boat had time to dine before leaving. This was practically the end of the regatta, for, after all, the sport's the thing, though it is not my privilege to write of that phase of it.

Mr. E. F. Burton has just returned from two years' post-graduate study abroad. While at Cambridge, he received the degree of Master of Arts, with highest honors, and wrote several papers that attracted wide attention—distinctions that resulted in the offer of an Associate Professorship at Princeton. Unlike many of our promising graduates, Mr. Burton preferred to remain with his Alma Mater, at the sacrifice of the better appointment—from the standpoint of academic rank—and has joined the staff of the University of Toronto.

A quiet wedding took place in Washington, D.C., on August 1, at the Church of the Incarnation, the contracting parties being Mr. William E. Schuster, of Belleville, Ont., and Miss Cora Madden, daughter of Judge Madden, Napanee, Lennox County. They were unattended, the young bride looking charming in a grey travelling gown with rich lace bodice. After spending a couple of weeks in New York, New Jersey, and Atlantic City, Mr. and Mrs. Schuster will return to Canada to take up their residence in Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Anderson have returned home from the sea shore.

Miss Frances Heron, who is to be one of the attendants at the Francis-Andras wedding, has returned to town after a delightful visit in Ottawa, and a trip through Quebec.

Mr. George H. Gooderham, accompanied by Mr. Howard Irish and Mr. Frank W. Bailey, has gone on his handsome yacht—a nautical edition de luxe—for a cruising trip through the Thousand Islands. This little voyage bids fair to become an annual event in the calendars of these gentlemen, who vastly enjoyed a similar expedition last year.

Dr. and Mrs. Garrett returned Monday evening from a two months' visit to England and the Continent. During their stay in England they were entertained by many of Mrs. Garrett's relatives.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bilkey to Mr. Stephen R. Wilkinson, of Bermuda. The marriage will take place early in September.

Dr. Osler and Dr. William Francis, who are coming over for the Francis-Andras wedding on August 18, are now on the way out, and may arrive in town the beginning of the week.

Notes from Niagara

As prophesied, August has most assuredly "come in with a rush." We are golfing by day and dancing by night, Wednesday, the first day of the month, beginning it all, with a match between a men's team from St. Catharines and a team from the old Niagara Club. The St. Catharines men were "up" on the match and both teams were "in" on the delicious little supper served at the clubhouse after the game by the ladies of the club, with the usual young girls assisting. Later everyone went on to the dance at the Casino, Mrs. Gibson chaperoning a number of the younger girls, her nieces, Miss Scovil and Miss Kate Scovil, very attractive and popular visitors from Cleveland; Miss Lansing, Miss Garrett, and Miss Edwards, Mrs. Kent and Miss Kent, who is still voted the prettiest girl here this summer; Mr. Forse, and with him Mr. Watson, of St. Catharines; also innumerable uniformed men from across the way, most of whom manage to cross the river on one pretext or another almost every evening, and will until the end of the week, when that bugbear, "manoeuvres," robs us of every man-jack of them.

Mr. Philp's song recital, Thursday evening, was perhaps the event of the week, numbers of people coming from Fort Niagara and from the cottages along the American shore, as well as an unusually large and representative audience from this side the river. All the enthusiasts danced untiringly afterwards, until quite twelve o'clock, despite their exertions of the previous evening, and Saturday's hop only two days off. Indeed, the younger set clamor for a dance every evening, and only the obliquity of their elders prevents, they preferring, with some reason it must be allowed, to have the musicians in the drawing-room such nights as they may for their own delectation.

Friday was bowler's day, the Britishers being entertained by the Canadians at both luncheon and dinner at the Queen's Royal, with an afternoon's work on the green between. Chairs on three sides of the green were filled with spectators, bowlers' wives and bowlers' sweethearts, I was about to say, only that all bowlers are notoriously married. "Competitors" may deceive us—they will if they can—but a bowler, never! Some good games were played, and everyone in such high good humor, bowling being the best-natured game on earth.

As if to make up for a day lost, golf reasserted itself triumphantly on Saturday, Mrs. McGaw giving prizes for a ladies' and men's handicap at the old club, and Mr. Crocstan, who is at the Queen's Royal just now, giving beautiful cups to be played for in a mixed four-ball foursome, the handicapping arranged in such a way as to give everyone an equal chance. Mrs. Borden, of New York, carried off the cup, and Miss Kent, of London, had another "lucky day," and won a beautiful little pierced silver bonbon basket. Mr. Silverthorne and Mr. Fred Silverthorne, of the men, came first and second, thus keeping, as one of them said, the prizes well in the family. Mrs. McGaw's prizes were won by Miss Mary Garrett and Mrs. Watters, Mr. Herring and Mr. Hunter, Miss Garrett playing "the game of her life." Afterwards delicious tea was served out under the trees from a table decorated in golden glow and nasturtiums. The same afternoon the Kirkover cup, won by Mrs. Kenneth Watters, was presented. Play for the Heintz cup is still in progress at the upper club, and the beautiful cup presented by Mrs. E. R. Thomas, of Buffalo, president of the lower club, is to be played for this week.

Monday being Civic Holiday, a great many Torontonians were registered at the Queen's Royal over the week end. Mr. Basil White was over from the Fort; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kingsmill, and with them Mr. and Mrs. Puddicombe, of London; while on Sunday Mr. Jim Worts, Mr. Gordon Miles, Mr. McMurrich, and several others sailed over and spent the night here, going on to Olcott on Monday. Mr. Nicol Kingsmill and Miss Kingsmill are with Mrs. Syer at the "Anchorage," and Miss Marjorie Arnold is Miss Warren's guest at "Paradise." She and Miss Clarkson Jones, Miss Birdie and Miss Norah Warren were all at the dance Saturday evening, which was, by the way, the most representative one of the season, and also one of the largest. Mr. Douglas Wright and Mr. Charlie Montizambert were hard at work among the dancers, also Mr. Shaw Malin, of Philadelphia, whom everyone is glad to see here again with Mr. and Mrs. Peyton Clark, after a two years' absence; glad also to welcome back Mrs. and Miss MacLean, of New York, who are to be joined later in the month, I am told, by Miss Geraldine Beddome, of London. All golfers will be glad to see Miss Beddome again, she being one of the strongest members of the lower club team, and a very popular dance partner besides. A ladies' team from Rosedale is expected over on the 13th to play a match with the ladies of the Niagara Tennis and Golf Club.

Miss Muriel Phillips was another popular partner at the dance Saturday evening. She is with Mrs. Munroe at the Queen's Royal.

The concert Sunday evening at the Queen's Royal attracted many people, cottagers and their friends, and innumerable army men. There is always a breeze to be found on the hotel verandah, and the programme was a delightful one, including a beautiful violin solo, polonaise of Wieniawski, and Nevin's "Night in Venice."

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Social and Personal

Miss Lila Warner of Malden, Mass., was married to Mr. Alan Aylesworth Lees of Boston on Friday evening, the 27th of July, at eight o'clock, in St. Paul's church, Malden, the rector, the Rev. Wm. Doughty, officiating. The church was beautifully decorated, and there were four hundred guests present. The bridesmaid was Miss Edith Connell of Malden, and the best man was Mr. Jack Hodge of Boston. The ushers were Mr. Percy H.



MISS LILA WARNER



MR. ALAN AYLESWORTH LEES

Wilkins, Mr. Richard Ambrose, Mr. Wm. Lafavre, and Mr. Ed. Whitworth. The flower girl was little Miss Ruth Ammann, cousin of the bride. The bride was given away by her uncle, Dr. James Ammann, and at whose house, No. 21 Clarendon street, the wedding reception was held. The bride was dressed in white silk. They have been in the city visiting friends, and on returning home will settle, about 27th September, in their own new home, 41 Pleasant street, Hyde Park. The groom is a son of the late James Lees, K.C., of the late firm of Aylesworth & Lees, a nephew of Mr. Justice Mabee, and godson of Mr. Aylesworth, Minister of Justice.

The I.A.A.A. dance on Friday of last week was somewhat marred in point of attendance by the rain which, after threatening all day, began coming down in earnest about a quarter to eight. To those who risked a wetting, however, the club-house presented a most attractive appearance with its stretch of smooth floor for the dancers, and the cozy corner on the other side of the stairs from the orchestra platform, with its soft rug and quaint green furniture, for the chaperons. The numerous windows lining the *salle de danse* preclude all thought of stuffiness, the bane of so many summer dances, and those who persist in getting overheated under any circumstances can take refuge on the balcony which faces on Long Pond, and is liberally supplied with rustic tables and chairs. The exterior of I.A.A.A.'s new home is just as charming as the interior is comfortable, the view of it looking east on Long Pond being particularly picturesque. The patronesses who braved the weather on Friday evening were Mrs. Madden, Mrs. Arthur Denison, Mrs. W. Eastwood, Mrs. Mont Lowndes and Mrs. T. W. Dyas; while amongst the dancers were Mr. and Mrs. Irving Ardagh, Mr. and Mrs. Worts Smart, pretty Miss George Madden in a dainty white frock, the Misses Edna and Winnie Eastwood, Miss Phyllis Lawlor, one of last season's pretty debutantes; Miss Ireland, Miss Violet Lee, Miss Marion McIndoe, Miss Ottie Ardagh, a most popular girl; the Misses Mabel and Maisie Lennox, Miss Evelyn Reid, Miss Helen Reid, the Misses Robb, Mr. Norman Copping, Mr. Chisholm, Mr. Trevor Temple, Mr. Hugh Donald, Mr. Leys Gooderham, Mr. Sam Trees, Mr. Ross Hargraff, Mr. Frank Huckvale, and Mr. Arthur Gillespie.

Miss Louise Scott of St. George street has gone to Port Dover for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. David Creighton and the Misses Creighton are summering at Clyffe House, Port Sydney, Muskoka. Mr. Charles Creighton has gone on a canoeing trip farther north, but expects to return to Clyffe House in a week or two.

Miss Bertha McIntosh of Woodstock is visiting Mrs. John Dent at her summer home in Clondeboye avenue, Centre Island.

Miss Enid Wornum left last week for a visit to Owen Sound.

Major and Mrs. Mason have gone to Honey Harbor, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. McGregor Young sailed last Saturday morning by the *SS. Virginian* for a holiday in England and Scotland.

One bright particular star will be missing from the Yacht Club firmament at the dance next Tuesday, as Miss Lois Duggan leaves on Monday for a visit to Mrs. Phillips' summer home at Wistowe, Lake Rosseau, where she will remain two or three weeks.

Miss Isabel Loudon and Mr. Don Loudon left last week to spend a fortnight at Go Home Bay.

Mrs. Alfred Denison is spending August in Newfoundland.

Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark return to town on August 20, and will entertain for the British Medical Association which will then be meeting here.

Miss MacArthur of St. George street went up to Honey Harbor last Saturday with Major and Mrs. Mason.

Miss Kate Barry, the clever editress of *Le Journal de Francoise*, sailed by *SS. Virginian*, August 3, for a three months' holiday in Europe.

Those who were in town during the extremely hot weather at the beginning of the week, found the Yacht Club balcony a delightful rendezvous, where they could enjoy a chat with their friends, a cup of tea, and the lake breeze simultaneously. A number of people were over the afternoon of the holiday, amongst whom I noticed Mr. Ridout, and a gay little party of friends; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Myles, Miss Myles, and Mrs. Thompson, Miss Lois Duggan, Miss Mabel Ross, and Miss Doris Suckling.

At the "Royal Muskoka," August bids fair to be a crowded month, and those who have found this resort a delightful spot for rest and recreation are pleased to learn that the "Royal" will remain open this year until September 20. Toronto people continue to form a large proportion of the guests, and seem to be in no hurry to return, even for the Exhibition. Southerners are coming up in

large numbers, and are duly appreciated, among the prettiest of these soft-voiced girls being Miss Avis Grant, of Washington. Pittsburg is also represented, Mr. and Mrs. Dempster and their family being among the pleasantest of our American visitors. One of the most enjoyable events was a moonlight trip to Rosseau on Friday of last week. Golf continues to be a great attraction, while the fleet of launches is in almost daily employment.

Mrs. A. G. Whipple, of Brockport, N.Y., with her three charming children, is a welcome addition to the summer colony in Toronto. She is visiting her mother, Mrs. Charles McLeod, Crescent road, Rosedale.

Amongst the Canadians who are coming over with the British Medical Association, is Dr. G. W. Ross, F.R.C.S., M.R.C.P., son of the Hon. G. W. Ross, who is returning after three years spent in the London hospitals.

The absence of the yachting element was greatly felt last week end, owing to the fact that many of the boats left on Saturday for the annual cruise of the club. Toronto friends were pleased to learn of the success of the *Zelma* and *Petrel II.*, contestants in the first race, the finish of which was off Hamilton. The yacht *Strathcona* also left last Saturday for a ten days' cruise, having on board the Messrs. Norman and Ernest Macrae, Mr. Jim Francis, Mr. Clement Crowley, and Mr. Alan McIntosh. These ardent yachtsmen, after a few days' fishing in the Bay of Quinte, expect to reach Rochester to-day (Saturday) or Monday, in time to take part in the races.

Miss Ethel Suckling is visiting Miss Gertrude Foy at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Fletcher returned on Tuesday from Asbury Park, N.J. Miss Gertrude Fletcher is still in Allandale, where she is visiting friends.

Miss Dallas, the severance of whose connection with Westbourne School is a cause for general regret, left on Tuesday for Vancouver, B.C., where her mother and sister are already residing.

Mr. Victor Nordheimer, who has been abroad for some weeks, is expected to return shortly.

Mrs. Massey is entertaining an exceedingly jolly house party at her beautiful summer place, Dentonia, for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Leslie Wilson and Mr. Douglas Campbell sailed last Saturday for the Mediterranean trip.

Miss Pomeroy, of Saratoga Springs, who has been visiting Mrs. Francis at Centre Island, left last Wednesday for New Haven, Mass., where she will be the guest of her sister.

Mrs. Howard Irish, and her little daughter, Lillian, have been spending the summer in Atherley. They are expected home early in September.

Mrs. Thompson, of New York, has returned home, after a delightful visit of some weeks in Toronto, where she was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Greene.

The Misses Bastedo, of Admiral road, left on Tuesday for Lake of Bays, Muskoka, to spend the remainder of the season.

Mr. W. J. Suckling and Mr. Austin Suckling are being welcomed home by the young set. They have just returned from a very enjoyable trip abroad.

Dr. James Masson, who has been enjoying a holiday in Temagami, that freshest and most unspoiled of Canada's playgrounds, returned last week to take up his duties at the Sick Children's Hospital, to the House Staff of which he was recently appointed.

A delightful function was the promenade concert held in the Armory, Saturday night, closing the twenty-seventh annual regatta of the C.A.A.O. on the permanent course at St. Catharines. The Armory was tastefully decorated, and the famous 19th Regiment band, under the direction of Bandmaster Peel, gave one of its usual brilliant programmes. During the intermission Mr. A. Claude Macdonell, M.P., President of the C.A.A.O., with the assistance of Captain Barker, happily presented the medals, cups, and shields won by the various oarsmen. A particularly pleasing feature was the rousing reception given to the Philadelphia doubles, Dr. Swallow and Mr. Kirke. When their names were called, cheer after cheer rang out, and after the medals were presented a goodly number of their brother oarsmen picked them up on their shoulders and carried them around the hall. It was a very pleasing demonstration and will go far to cement the brotherly feeling that exists between oarsmen from the United States and Canada. Later in the evening dancing was indulged in, but not to any great extent, as the night was particularly warm.

A jolly house party, consisting of Miss Case, Miss Boulton, Captain Elmsley, and Captain Van Straubenzie, are at the Straubenzie summer home in the Thous and Islands, with Captain Van Straubenzie's sister as chaperon. Mr. Charles Cronyn went down on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Francis, who were staying at the Manor Richelieu, Murray Bay, have come up to Toronto for Miss Gwen Francis' wedding.

Dame Rumor is busy with the whispered engagement of one of the fair daughters of London (the less) and a young man prominent in Hamilton's social and athletic circles.

Mr. Eric R. M. Kirkpatrick, son of the late Sir George Kirkpatrick, has been gazetted to the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. His Toronto friends will mingle expressions of regret with their congratulations, as Mr. Kirkpatrick leaves the end of the month to join his regiment.

A quiet wedding was solemnized in the Church of the Redeemer on Thursday evening, August 2, when the marriage took place of Mr. Ernest A. Legge, of Toronto, and Miss Frances H., youngest daughter of the late H. P. Crosby, ex-M.P.P., of Unionville, Ontario, Rev. Lawrence E. Key, M.A., officiating.

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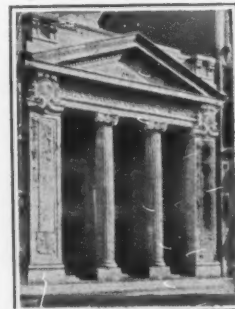
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THE regatta at St. Catharines last Friday and Saturday was in every way a first rate aquatic festival. In some events, notably the senior singles and the senior eights, there was a scarcity of entries, but in the majority of the races the fields were large enough to produce the most interesting kind of racing. The competition was keen, and there were many exciting finishes, in which the leading boats were only a few feet apart. The Toronto rowing clubs were well represented, but entries from Winnipeg, Fort William, Ottawa and Philadelphia gave the regatta an international flavor. The canoe races were an innovation which proved highly successful. There can be nothing more picturesque than a war canoe race, nothing which is more typically a Canadian event. The sight of several scores of paddles beating the water in unison, or poised, dripping, at the end of the stroke, summons up visions of those early days when, from trading post to trading post, down a myriad lakes and rivers, the sturdy voyageurs of an age now past raced and contended with all the keenness which sprang from the rivalries and emulations of the fur trade.

It was the aim of the promoters who, three years ago, built the St. Catharines course, to inaugurate a regatta that should occupy a position in Canadian aquatic sports similar to that which the Henley regatta occupies in English rowing circles. The great crowds which thronged the course and the festival appearance of St. Catharines during last week's regatta showed that this ideal was not entirely unrealized. There were, of course, some drawbacks, some features at which a critical person might cavil, but one cannot expect perfection in a regatta which has but three years of history behind it. Regattas, like social customs and the handicraft of architects, are enriched by time with a wealth of associations and historic memories that secure them an abiding place in the affections of the athletic world. Of the future of the St. Catharines regatta one cannot but be hopeful. It is steadily increasing in popularity, and will without doubt, under wise management, become a true Canadian Henley, in which oarsmen the world over will see the embodiment of all that is most pleasing and sportsmanlike in Canadian rowing.

I have heard several oarsmen object to St. Catharines as the place for the regatta on the ground that it is not central, but I am sure it would not be nearly as pleasant an event if it were held in a larger city. The hospitality of small towns cannot be duplicated in places of larger population, where a few visiting oarsmen or even several thousand sight-seers and spectators pass unheeded and unnoticed. A regatta on Toronto Bay cannot be so truly an "event," a great occasion, the scene of an annual pilgrimage which makes regatta week a gala period; nor can Toronto, Ottawa or Montreal assume as readily as St. Catharines the air of a town en fête. By all means let us leave things as they are, confident that that can be no better otherwise, and let us esteem it a privilege to journey each year by boat or train to see the great gathering of racing shells and oarsmen at the beautiful St. Catharines course.

The sixth annual ladies' tournament will be held under the auspices of the Royal Canadian Golf Association on the Toronto Golf Club links the last week in September. Lady golfers are not quite as numerous in Canada as in the British Isles or the

United States, but there is in our country a steadily growing number of fair enthusiasts, who delight in medal play just as keenly as any of their masculine brethren of the driver and the creak. Ladies' tournaments, although more or less social features, are interesting from a golf point of view, and the various titles and championships are treasured with true athletic pride. The pleasure of winning an athletic competition outweighs the mundane frivolities of frocks and gowns, and the ladies' delight in the fine out-of-door pastime of golf is seen to be not a mere feminine affectation, but a genuine admiration of a noble form of exercise.

Among the events on the programme of the approaching tournament are the Canadian championship, the Association handicap, the inter-Provincial match between teams from Ontario and Quebec, and driving and putting competitions. Following the prevailing tournament custom, there will be a qualifying round for the championship, which will be open to lady members of a club belonging to the association who have resided in Canada for a period of six months prior to September 24, 1906. The matches will be decided by one round of eighteen holes, medal play, and the handicaps are limited to eighteen strokes. The sixteen players returning the best gross scores in the annual handicap will be drawn against each other for the ladies' championship. Following is the programme in full:

Monday, September 24.—2 p.m.—Open handicap and qualifying round for the ladies' championship and consolation competition.

Tuesday, September 25.—2 p.m.—Championship competition; first round. Consolation competition; first round. Wednesday, September 26.—10 a.m.—Driving competition.

2.30 p.m.—Championship competition; second round. Consolation competition; second round.

Thursday, September 27.—10 a.m.—Approaching and putting competition. 2.30 p.m.—Championship competition; semi-finals. Consolation competition; semi-finals.

Friday, September 28.—10.30 a.m.—Championship competition; finals. Consolation competition; finals.

2 p.m.—Inter-Provincial match—Quebec vs. Ontario. Each team shall consist of not less than ten players. Fees for ladies' championship and handicap are \$2.00; for driving, approaching and putting competitions, 50 cents. Entries, accompanied by fees, to be made to C. C. James, secretary-treasurer, Parliament Buildings.

Entries for the Ladies' Championship and Annual Handicap must be made by club secretaries on the forms provided for the purpose.

All entries must be made to the secretary-treasurer of the association and are subject to the approval of the Executive Committee.

Entrance fees must accompany the entries, which close as follows:

Ladies' Championship and Annual Handicap, fee \$2.00. Close at the Toronto Golf Club at 6 p.m., September 22, 1906.

Driving Competition, fee 50c. Close at Toronto Golf Club, Wednesday morning, September 26, 1906.

Approaching and Putting Competition, fee 50c. Close at Toronto Golf Club, Thursday morning, September 27, 1906.

The rules of play shall be the rules of golf as approved by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, except as modified by these regulations and the local rules of the Toronto Golf Club.

The Executive Committee reserve

the right to alter the terms or dates of this programme.

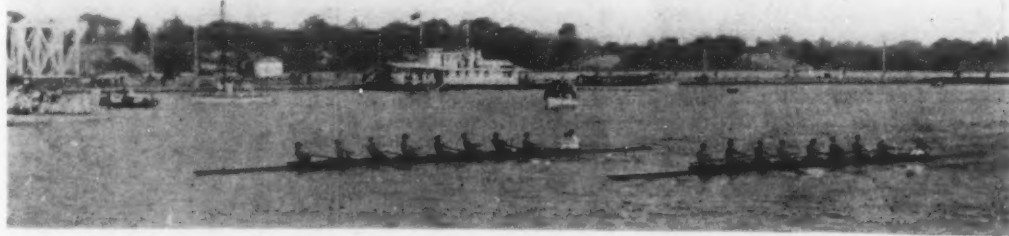
Competitors in the Annual Handicap may play over the course on Monday, September 24, until twelve o'clock noon, after which hour new holes will be made. C. C. James, Hon. Sec.-Treas., R.C.G.A., Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

A Cambridge professor has come out with the startling statement that it should be contra legem for a man to begin golf before he is thirty-five years of age. The professor further observes that the game should really be played only by those whose beards are wholly destitute of coloring pigment, that is, by those aged persons popularly known as greybeards, and that the reason why he resolves upon so immature an age as thirty-five for the irreducible minimum is that many men are in the last stages of senile decay before they have half completed their fourth decade. These being old in body and mind ought not, because they are young in years, to be debarred the pleasures of age.

This is all very well, but the learned professor has not shown us why golf should be considered an old man's game. Why does he guide the feeble footsteps of declining age with a golf-stick? What is there in common between grey beards and green links? Is a grey beard an advantage in golf because in its capacious depths may be muffled and stifled those dreadful imprecations which, ringing with clarion voice from beardless lips, shock and alarm all within earshot? If the beard is a sort of damper on profanity, why is a grey beard more effectual than a black in shutting off the current? It may be that the snow-white beard has some purifying effect upon the words which pass through it. This is a very interesting theory, and suggests a probable reason for the prevalence of bunkers on most modern golf courses. As young and beardless men in great numbers are now playing the game, beards being at a premium, the morals of neighboring communities would be left entirely defenceless were not bunkers erected as filtering-stations and breakwaters to sweeten the clamor of the golfers at play and to diffuse their angry cries over the smiling country as pure and heavenly benisons and gracious invocations.

I do not think, however, that the professor had very much of this in mind. He has either a savage distaste of golf, and seeks to relieve himself of his spleen by belittling the game and its players, or else he is "crazed with care or crossed in hopeless love," that is, is constantly thwarted in his ambition to become a great golf player by insolvent young upstarts just out of the nursery. Consequently he proposes a law to restrict golf to greybeards of his own class, and thinks that with such legislation he may have a chance to win the open championship of Putney Common or Hampstead Heath. Is not this gerrymandering a constituency, is it not class legislation of the most vicious type? Oh, selfish-minded Cambridge don, if ever your law passes, and if ever you win the victor's medal on the college quadrangle links, may your ill-gotten prize tarnish and rust on your mantelpiece, and when next you defend your title may some doddering old viceroy of a nonagenarian beat you out on the last green, thirty years your senior though he be. If you will insist on grey beards and length of years it is fitting retribution that age in the end should get the better of you.

If the proposed law was passed, what a scene of grief and disquiet



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this old earth would witness! During the preliminary stages of the bill the lobbies would be besieged by anxious golfers openly flaunting bribery and corruption in the faces of the legislators. As the bill passed to its final reading, and its success became certain, golfers under thirty-five would experience all the horrors of the condemned cell, all the terrible anticipation of evil felt by the citizens of a doomed Pompeii. Many would go insane through fear, suicides would be an hourly occurrence, bold and daring spirits like the fallen angels in "Paradise Lost," would attempt a desperate appeal to arms, and, rushing into the houses of Parliament brandishing whatever missile came handiest, seek, by intimidation, to prevent the passage of the act. When the bill became law, golf-sticks and other appurtenances would be a drug on the market, gathered and vended about by every rag and bottle merchant; old misers could play the game gratis, and it would be a misdemeanor to give a caddy a tip or in any other way inspire in him a love and admiration of the game. The dockets in the police courts would be full of indictments against young men for having golf-clubs illegally in their possession, the public prosecutor would read out charges in long legal rignarole to the effect that "Richard Roe and John Doe, not being of the statute age of thirty-five years, did, on the sixth of the month in the year of our Lord, feloniously and with malice aforethought, contrary to the peace of His Majesty, connive at and take part in a certain illegal game, sport or amusement known as golf, etc., etc." Then there would arise the golf martyr, the man who would rather go to prison than give up golf, the golf informant, and the merchant selling golf-sticks to minors, besides battalions of other law-defying persons.

This vision which the professor conjures up is hideous enough to stagger one's mental faculties, but the absurdities to which his proposal leads show the foolishness of trying to set limits to golf. Of what use is it to ask at what age golf, cricket, tennis, lawn bowls, etc. shall be played? You can never get an age to suit everybody, because no man fancies that he is subject to the infirmities which beset other men. A great oarsman will tell you to give up rowing at thirty, but he himself will continue it fifteen years past that age. Set forty as the age to leave off cricket, and thousands of hands will point to W. G. Grace, who continues to make his centuries at sixty. Tell a young man that he is too young for golf, and he will crow of champions of sixteen and seventeen years. What need is there anyway to debar any man from any game? What a cruel thing it is to put a man out of the game and make him for the rest of his life a mere spectator! I for one can never countenance such a barbarity. Let every man play his game as soon as he can, as well as he can, and as long as he can. Let our children play golf in the nursery and never cease from the game until they reach their last green and their last hole, which someone else must make for them, and let them scorn the opinions of Cambridge professors who think to regulate golf as easily as the motions of the planets.

Every one realizes that good eyesight plays a part in making a successful golfer. It will therefore be of interest to hear a report from an eminent oculist upon the visual capacity of several leading professionals. This gentleman has recently examined the eyes of Vardon, Braid, Taylor and Herd, the English professionals—the "Big Four" as they are

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The Robt. Simpson Co., Limited, Toronto.

termed. He was puzzled to find that only Herd has normal sight, while the others have more or less defective vision. Considering that Vardon, Braid and Taylor are the greatest living golfers and undoubtedly superior to Herd, one wonders if "defective vision" goes towards making the complete golfer.

One of the Toronto daily papers tells of a black bass caught at the Island, measuring fifteen inches in length and weighing upwards of five pounds. It would be a fish worth seeing. A fifteen-inch bass will not weigh more than three pounds and one that weighs over five pounds will not be less than twenty inches in length. There is something wrong with the weight or the measurement of the fish caught at the Island.

A freak golf contest has just taken place in England at Sudbrook Park between Sir Ralph Payne-Gallway and W. Hunter, the club professional. Sir Ralph was armed with his Turkish bow and arrow, with which he was to go from tee to green, taking to the ball and putting on reaching the putting green. Hunter had to use his full set of clubs. The bow used by the baronet, over two hundred years old, was immensely strong, and he frequently shot from 350 to 360 yards, having a great advantage in the long game. His approaching, however, was erratic, and Hunter won on the fourteenth green.

Tennis Players.

A broken string does not mean that your racket is useless. Re-pairing and restringing can be obtained at reasonable prices of Messrs. Harry H. Love & Co., Athletic Outfitters, 189 Yonge street.

Mrs. Nulwyed—Do you know what I've cooked for you to-day, dearest? Nulwyed—No; do you?—Meggen-dorfer Blätter.

"I never on Mrs. S. "You know I owned was paying look at the "One real somewhere, said Lady at terraces terrace are only called of her viol really well I agreed "It is r ing!" Lady a portly y you coming so many i forget who clined." "I accep able humil "I invite have it. I impossible She actual was forced to come, Lackton, "I am dep Smith's vi inconvenience herself off "Some touchy," I "Exactly "She migh was only But she deccency to I assure y she is qu "Does s which v one know is a trifle "I really Ladyship, simply i dressed, h And she's "You c I knew h ties. "I can't ton seven suggestion deed, I I courtesy estimable "It was to intro accept. Mr. Smith knows th sake of I "She p a matter are some ances, an Lackton "I exp called on tinned," s on peopl plained t exception understoo "I hav marked to go. "Oh r bert," s French Joshua's to-morro "I am to comin There to see houses v There a sion!—w But La hold a She is fully ec fairly c tucably foe, wit dense c no pos never e liveliest and I My wa me a c I can u ess and more. "I am packed, proclaim that it I pause a way Lackto perturb purple. "I h greetin It is m one ha to do consid might I un eye sa where should the ar "Oh Mrs. S coming cresce hand t to the "I p fered,"

AN IMPOSSIBILITY

By E. M. Bredin

"I never had the least wish to call on Mrs. Smith," said Lady Lackton. "You know her, don't you?"

I owned the soft impeachment. I was paying a duty call, and trying to look as though I enjoyed it.

"One really must draw the line somewhere, in a provincial town," said Lady Lackton; "and I draw it at terraces. People who live in a terrace are never worth knowing. I only called on Mrs. Smith on account of her violin. I hear that she plays really well."

I agreed meekly.

"It is really exceedingly provoking!" Lady Lackton went on, with a portly sigh. "Let me see—are you coming to-morrow? I really had so many invitations sent out that I forget who accepted and who declined."

"I accepted," I said, with reasonable humility.

"I invited Mrs. Smith," she continued. "But to-day, as ill-luck would have it, I met her out with the most impossible person—a sister-in-law. She actually introduced her! And I was forced—really forced—to ask her to come, too. You see," said Lady Lackton, with charming frankness, "I am depending a good deal on Mrs. Smith's violin, and it would be most inconvenient if she were to consider herself offended and fail me."

"Some people are so absurdly touchy," I murmured.

"Exactly," Lady Lackton agreed. "She might have seen—easily—that I was only asking her as a mere form. But she had not even the common decency to refuse! Most annoying! I assure you, dear Lord Robert, that she is quite impossible!"

"Does she drop her h's?" I asked—which was pure malice, for everyone knows that Sir Joshua Lackton is a trifle shaky in that respect.

"I really didn't notice," said her Ladyship, with dignity. "She was simply impossible—no style, badly dressed, badly turned out altogether. And she's coming!"

"You can't ignore her," I suggested. I knew her system with impossibilities.

"I can't hide her," said Lady Lackton severely. "She does not take suggestions well from anyone. Indeed, I know that I have only my courtesy title to thank for the inestimable privilege of her confidence. 'It was most tactless of Mrs. Smith to introduce her at all, or to let her accept. No one has any idea who Mr. Smith was; and Mrs. Smith knows that I only asked her for the sake of her violin.'"

"She probably does," I agreed. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Smith and I are something more than acquaintances, and I know that she finds Lady Lackton as exhilarating as I do."

"I explained to her when I first called on her," Lady Lackton continued, "that my rule is never to call on people living in terraces. I explained that I was making quite an exception in her case. I believe she understood perfectly."

"I have no doubt she did," I remarked with conviction, and I rose to go.

"Oh, reverse, then, dear Lord Robert," said Lady Lackton, whose French is nearly as faultless as Sir Joshua's English. "I shall see you to-morrow?"

"I am looking forward immensely to coming," I assured her truthfully. There are houses where one goes to see and be seen. There are houses where one goes to be amused. There are others—oh! base confession!—where one goes to be fed. But Lady Lackton's entertainments hold a separate niche of their own. She is a poor hostess and a painfully economical caterer. You are fairly certain to find yourself inextricably wedged beside your dearest foe, with a cup of lukewarm tea, a dense crowd behind and before, and no possibility of escape. Yet I never enter her doors without the liveliest anticipations of amusement, and I rarely go away disappointed. My wants are few and simple. Give me a convenient corner from which I can unobtrusively watch my hostess and her methods, and I ask no more.

I arrived late. The rooms were packed, and I could hear Sir Joshua proclaiming aloud in the distance that it was uncommonly "hot."

I paused, before attempting to force a way through the throng. Lady Lackton descended upon me, flushed, perturbed, wrathful, and attired in purple satin.

"I hoped," she cried, by way of greeting, "that you were Mrs. Smith! It is most provoking of her. Everyone has arrived, and there is no one to do anything. I really do think, considering everything, that she might have contrived to come early."

I understood perfectly. My mind's eye saw the ineligible little corner where the impossible sister-in-law should have been hidden away before the arrival of worthier guests.

"Oh! here she is, at last! Really, Mrs. Smith, I thought you were not coming!" cried her Ladyship in crescendo tones. She gave a limp hand to the culprit, and two fingers to the impossibility.

"I am sorry to have been hindered," said Mrs. Smith, in her gen-

tle voice. "How do you do, Lord Robert? I—I think you have met my sister-in-law?"

"If you will kindly play at once," Lady Lackton began, fuming. "Oh! and, Lord Robert, I want you—"

"I will take care of—of Mrs. Smith's sister-in-law with pleasure," I replied promptly, framing my sentence in that awkward fashion at an imploring glance from Mrs. Smith. I knew well enough that her Ladyship had intended far otherwise. But unmindful of her frowns, I piloted my charge to a convenient corner, procured her a half-melted ice, and then sat down and laughed with her. She was very plainly dressed in black, and no one took any notice of her—indeed, Lady Lackton was at the greatest pains to ignore her. We laughed in our corner until Mrs. Smith began to play, and then paused to listen. The rest of the throng seized that opportunity for conversation, and I could see our hostess, complacent at last, talking loudly to a florid female in black velvet, about two yards from the performer.

The long, hot afternoon wore away. Mrs. Smith was kept so constantly at work that I quite saw how awkward it would have been for Lady Lackton if she had failed to come. As for my companion and myself, we were left in hopeless disgrace in our corner, ignored in a masterly manner by our hostess, even when she passed so close as to brush us with the lowest flounce of her purple skirt. She rustled across in our direction presently, and stood talking across us to a stern matron in black, who was noted for her diamonds and her good works.

"Really very annoying about the bazaar!" said her Ladyship.

"We had counted so much on the Princess as an attraction," said the stern lady, in a deep bass voice. "I don't know who to ask to take her place."

Lady Lackton shook her head and looked desponding.

"What about Lady Clara?" asked the stern lady, with a gleam of hope.

But Lady Lackton, who reads the "Morning Post" as a religious duty, quivered at once.

"The Vere de Veres are in mourning," she said, decisively.

"Of course! So they are," said the stern lady, crushed again.

Lady Lackton was obviously running her mind's eye down an imaginary list of patronesses.

"Why not ask the dear Duchess—the vice-president, you know?" she said at last, with triumph.

"Would she come—for a bazaar?" inquired the other cautiously. "I—I don't know her myself."

"No?" said Lady Lackton, with bland patronage. "Oh! I'll write. I don't mind in the least. She is always so very sweet and obliging that I'm sure she will come—if I write myself, that is. I don't know so very much of her personally, but—"

"Oh! please don't disown me, Lady Lackton," said Mrs. Smith's sister-in-law. She stood up with a charming smile. "I'm afraid you didn't quite catch my name, perhaps; but I am the Duchess of Tadcaster, and I think I see my sister looking for me. Good-bye!"

Her Safety.

Paul McAllister recently returned from abroad with a fellow actor, who was terribly seasick.

"One morning," said McAllister, "Blank came out of his stateroom and ran into a lady who was coming along the passageway, clad in the scantiest raiment. She screamed and sought a place of refuge."

"Don't be alarmed," groaned Blank. "Don't be alarmed, madam; I shall never live to tell it!"—"Young's Magazine."

A WINNING START.

A Perfectly Digested Breakfast Makes Nerve Force For the Day.

Everything goes wrong if the breakfast lies in your stomach like a mud pie. What you eat does harm if you can't digest it—it turns to poison.

A bright lady teacher found this to be true, even of an ordinary light breakfast of eggs and toast. She says:

"Two years ago I contracted a very annoying form of indigestion. My stomach was in such condition that a simple breakfast of fruit, toast and egg gave me great distress."

"I was slow to believe that trouble could come from such a simple diet but finally had to give it up, and found a great change upon a cup of Postum and Grape-Nuts with cream, for my morning meal. For more than a year I have held to this course and have not suffered except when injudiciously varying my diet."

"I have been a teacher for several years and find that my easily digested breakfast means a saving of nervous force for the entire day. My gain of ten pounds in weight also causes me to want to testify to the value of Grape-Nuts."

"Grape-Nuts holds first rank at our table."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.



CONVINCED.

Mr. Spongely (slightly related)—Splendid! Magnificent! Do you know, Uncle Eli, I believe I shall never get tired of seeing the sun set behind that hill!

Uncle Eli—That's what me an' mother's beginnin' to think.

—Judge.

Principle Upon Which a Spider Can Lift a Snake

THE engineering capacity of the insects is infinitely greater, in proportion, than that of man, according to students of entomology.

Long before man had thought of the saw, observes John Phin, author of "How to Use the Microscope," the saw-fly had used the same tool, made after the same fashion and used in the same way, for the purpose of making slits in the branches of trees so that she might have a secure place in which to deposit her eggs. The carpenter bee, with only the tools which nature has given her, cuts a round hole, the full diameter of her body, through thick boards, and so makes a tunnel by which she can have a safe retreat in which to rear her young.

These feats require a degree of instinct which, in a reasoning creature, would be called engineering skill; but none of them, according to Mr. Phin's latest volume, "The Seven Follies of Science," are as wonderful as the feats performed by the spider.

A few years ago it was averred that a spider had suspended a mouse in the air and left it to perish. Certain students of physics made great fun of this statement, but Mr. Phin, while admitting that the story may not have been true, asserts that it had nothing impossible in it. It has come under his own observation, he says, that a spider actually raised a snake some distance from the ground, notwithstanding the struggles of the reptile. To quote Mr. Phin:

"The spider is furnished with one of the most efficient mechanical implements known to engineers, namely, a strong elastic thread. That the thread is strong is well known. Indeed there are few substances that will support a greater strain than the silk of the silk worm or the spider, careful experiment having shown that for equal sizes the strength of these fibers exceeds that of common iron. But notwithstanding its strength, the spider's thread alone would be useless as a mechanical power if it were not for its elasticity. The spider has no blocks or pulleys, and therefore it cannot cause the thread to divide up and run in different directions; but the elasticity of the thread more than makes up for this and renders possible the lifting of an animal much heavier than a mouse or a snake. This may require a little explanation."

"Let us suppose that a child can lift a six-pound weight one foot high with 350 rubber bands, each capable of pulling six pounds through one foot when stretched. Let these bands be attached to a wooden platform on which stand a pair of horses weighing 2,100 pounds or rather more than a ton. If now the child will go to work and stretch these rubber bands singly, hooking each one up, as it is stretched, in less than twenty minutes he will have raised the pair of horses one foot."

"We thus see that the elasticity of the rubber bands enables the child to divide the weight of the horses into 350 pieces of six pounds each, and at the rate of a little less than one every three seconds he lifts all these separate pieces on foot, so that the child easily lifts this enormous weight."

"Each spider's thread acts like one of the elastic rubber bands."

Some Mixed Metaphors.

Sportsman—I wonder what's become of Mike? I told him to meet me here.

Driver—Ach, 'tis no use tellin' him anything! Sure, sorr, ut just goes in at wan ear and out at the other, like wather off a duck's back!—London "Punch."

Poor Dumb Man.

Friend—Didn't your husband rave when you showed him the dress-maker's bill?

Wife—Rather.

Friend—And how did you quiet him?

Wife—I showed him the milliner's account, and he then became quite speechless.—"Stray Stories."

TWO KINDS OF NEW ENGLANDERS

ROMEO A. HART of the San Francisco "Argonaut" is very angry with certain Connecticut insurance companies that are evading payment of insurance in connection with the great fire. After expressing his respect for the best type of New Englanders, he proceeds in his best vein:

Yes, there are two kinds of New Englanders. In the old days it was the same. There were high-minded and patriotic New Englanders, like Samuel Adams and Daniel Webster, who were not money-lovers; and then there was the other kind of New Englanders, who sometimes made money honestly, but who made money by sending Medford rum to Africa, selling it in exchange for negroes, which they brought to the American coast and sold to their Southern brethren, returning thence to New England for more rum and then to Africa for more negroes. It was the other kind of Connecticut Puritans who passed laws against tobacco-smoking, but when they found they could raise tobacco in Connecticut, passed laws against smoking any tobacco—except Connecticut tobacco. It was the other kind of Connecticut Puritans who passed laws against selling tickets of lotteries—Massachusetts lotteries, Rhode Island lotteries—but who had laws passed farming out to them Connecticut lotteries, by which they made much dirty money. But they made money all right—dirty money, tainted money, blood money. On these foundations rest many of the large fortunes of New England. Those pious gentlemen who made so much money out of rum, murder and black flesh and blood were most of them deacons in the church, and begat large families, as deacons do, which families are now enjoying the fourth generation's ancestral wealth. In Connecticut most of them are stockholders, many of them directors in Connecticut fire insurance companies.

But if their money is tainted, the ancestral taint ought to have worked out of the blood by this time. Running lotteries, selling goods to the enemy, fitting out slavers, "blackbirding," privateering, perhaps a little piracy on the side—these ways of money-getting might be winked at a century or more ago. But the polite and polished descendants of these Puritanic-pirate gentry had better fly the black flag if they intend to rob their fellow citizens in this day and generation. For if they fly the stars and stripes, by the Lord we'll sink them!

Solved.

"I have solved the servant problem," said the woman with the compressed lips and the determined eyes.

"You have?" asked the other person.

"I have. When things get to such a pass that the hired girls want three days out in the week, want the use of the parlor every other night and Sunday afternoon, want me to play soft love-songs while they are entertaining their beaux in the kitchen on other evenings, insist on the privilege of dictating what groceries and meats I shall buy, claim the right to wear my clothes and bonnets, dictate whether or no I shall keep a dog or a child, succeed in having my house decorated and furnished to accord with their tastes, and— Well, when things are as they are, I am just—"

"Not going to keep servants any longer?"

"Better than that. I am going to hire out as a servant and enjoy life!"

—Judge.

The Remnants were There.

James Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, the highest Catholic prelate in America, has a keen sense of humor. Recently he was the guest of a layman friend, Frank Murphy, in Roland Park, Baltimore's most beautiful residence suburb. In the Murphy home is a butler of Mrs. Partingtonian proclivities, and on the church dignitary's former informal visits to the

DRINK
Blue Ribbon
Tea



Murphy home, its mistress had been under the necessity of reminding the obtuse servant that the distinguished guest was to be addressed always as "your eminence."

On the present occasion, when the cardinal rang the bell, the man of impassive countenance answered, received the card, and, turning, announced to Mrs. Murphy: "Please, mum, your remnants has come."

No one enjoyed the joke more thoroughly or laughed more heartily at it than did the genial cardinal himself.—"Judge."

"A Jollier."

SAYS Bennie to Hen, "I'm like all other men; Only different—as nature intended. Bum jokes and such rot. Make me laugh?—I guess not. Let you funny geeks go get offended. I don't flatter, amend, Nor even pretend That your rotten affairs are all bully; I'll keep up my end, With a foe or a friend, And I'll say what I think square and truly."

If a party looks sick, Gee! I tell 'em so quick; If you show up 'old lookin' and squeaky, I just put you right; You're not young, slick, nor bright. If you're fresh, it ain't smart, only cheeky. You can bet, I don't fall To no swell-headed gall; If a homely dame's freckled and puggy, 'Tain't me to deceive, Nor to make 'em believe That she's wise and a beauty, when she's buggy.

But your pile I'm no slouch An' I ain't got no grouch. I just say what I mean—an' I mean it I speak my own mind, It's a pleasure I find When my duty is done—as I seen it. Says Hennie to Ben, There is good in all men, And women too; they like to show it. If their faults are a-hide, Let 'em stay; let 'em slide; Course they don't want to know that you know it. I laugh at old jokes; Yes, and flatter old folks; It's a cinch to make fools think they're sages.

As for women and girls, All their switches are curls. They are younger by years than their ages. I can borrow or lend With any old friend, And I laugh away grouches and bruises. I convince a truck horse, He's a racer, of course, I'm all right if he wins or he loses. If I happen to "fall" To an enemy's stall, Why, I make'm a friend, with a jolly Oh! I may have to buy, If it's worth it I try, Hard to bank against trouble—it's folly.

To tell what you think Of a guy on the blink, Or to call a rich miser—"a miser," Josh, flatter, cajole, Be a jollier droll, Win out! lose your grouch, and be wiser. —Jerry J. Cohan, in "Spotlight."

Her Wisdom.

"Girls!" quietly called old but eminently astute Aunt Broadhead. "Ma'am?" they replied, as they fluttered obediently to her. "Always remember, girls, that when a man professes to have a 'fatherly interest' in you his own daughters need it, that your own father can sufficiently supply you with it, and that it is the oldest of all stories, save one, in the world."—"Puck."

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Chesty.

Yeast—How does the Colonel find room on his breast for all his medals?

Crimsonbeak—Why, the more medals he gets, the more his chest expands.—Yonker's "Statesman."



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JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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"Saturday Night" at Summer Resorts

Readers and subscribers of *Saturday Night* leaving Toronto for the summer months may have their favorite weekly paper mailed direct from the office of publication to their summer home for any period. Our special offer is 25 cents for six weeks. Orders for new subscriptions and change of address should be sent to the *Saturday Night* Office, 26-28 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Points About People.

A Toronto man, who is fond of preaching simplicity to his wife, lately took occasion during a fortnight at a Muskoka hotel to enforce his views. "Look at that nice little woman in brown at the next table. She has worn that same suit for the last three days, and all the other women in the place have been appearing in the colors of the rainbow." The wife critically surveyed the little woman in brown, and said things. But that evening the lectured wife had her revenge, for when the boat came in and the luggage was unloaded, the little woman in brown darted towards a vaster saratoga than has been, and fairly embraced it. "It's been lost for three whole days," she exclaimed, "and I simply haven't had a decent rag to wear." Since then she has been appearing in radiant pink, and soft blue, and costly laces, and trailing silks, while the Toronto woman smiles serenely, and remarks to her would-be deaf husband: "I wonder what you'd say if I were to spend half as much on clothes as that nice little woman in brown."

In these summer days, when so many citizens of the United States are abroad on Canadian lakes, it is inevitable that international politics should be discussed. One day last week a man from Washington began with the usual question: "About how much revenue do you contribute to England?" and a Hamilton woman undertook to inform him. The conversation became somewhat interesting when the American expressed himself as of the opinion that Canada was in the wrong empire. "Do you mean that we ought to be annexed to you?" said the Hamilton girl warmly. But the man from Washington came from South Carolina, where magnolias and pretty speeches are equally common, and he rose to the occasion. "Well, I don't know that I ever thought of it right seriously before," he drawled, "but for the last hour I've been considering that it would be a mighty pleasant undertaking." Diplomatic relations became rather vague at this point.

While the late Judge McDougall still occupied the County Court bench, an old man, Thomas W., who had fallen in health and fortune, provided sport and received alms from a number of the members of the bar. In his earlier days he had been a client of the judge, and only when Mr. McDougall ascended to the bench did he seek legal advice elsewhere. He had developed a monomania for believing that he had been injured by a large banking institution, and especially against the attorney of the bank, was his wrath directed. Him he used to call "the — Bank's solicitor and thief." Once, when he was talking over his wrongs with a member of the bar, this attorney told him that it was the bounden duty of any judge, sitting on the bench, to hear the grievance of any of His Majesty's subjects that might come before him and demand a hearing, and that a penalty of \$500 lay against a refusal. One day the attorney was pleading before Judge McDougall, in the old Adelaide street court house,

when he felt a tugging at his gown, and turned to see "Old W—" at his elbow. "Can I speak now?" whispered the old man with his broad Scotch burr. "Now's your time," whispered the lawyer, and, turning to the judge, he said, "Your Honor, here is a gentleman who would be heard." Judge McDougall, knowing the bent of the attorney for jokes of the practical brand, said nothing, but waited, and "Old W—" took this for a golden opportunity. "I have been wronged!" said he. Still there was silence. "Ma 'story is a long, long story," he continued, "an' I wull begin at the beginning." "I am afraid that I cannot hear you just now," said the judge. "Ye maun, an' ye wull!" shrieked W—, now thoroughly alive to the fact that an air of restlessness was moving the officers of the court, who were moving toward him. He had been told that his right of redress lay only if he resisted, and he determined that neither resistance of word or hand should be lacking. "Ye maun hear me, an' ye wull hear me!" he shouted; "ye ken well that there's a pecuniary o' five hundred dollars if ye dinna." The officers of the court had closed with him, and he was borne, kicking and protesting, from the room. Silence reigned for a while, and the incident was almost forgotten, when the door at the back of the building opened and Old W—'s face, flushed and angry, appeared. "I maun be heard, an' I wull be heard!" he shouted, and then the door slammed and he was gone.

We occasionally meet a man who is fond of telling anecdotes to illustrate his familiarity with prominent people. At a Georgian Bay resort there recently appeared a Chicago man of this type, who seemed to have travelled with all the celebrities. One day he heard a Canadian mention the name of Sir John Macdonald, and the former straightway exclaimed: "Oh, yes! Sir John was one of your big men. At the time of the World's Fair in 1893 we spent several days together in Chicago." The Canadian looked somewhat startled, and then said, dryly: "Well, Sir John was a clever man. But as I was at his funeral in June, 1891, I don't very well see how he could have attended the World's Fair." For a whole day the Chicago man refrained from limelight anecdotes.

A clerk of the peace in Western Ontario remained undisturbed in possession of his office for so long after the Whitney Government came into office, that he had begun to believe that he was not going to be meddled with. One day recently he got a letter telling him that he was charged with having been an offensive partizan, and suggesting that he should resign or ask for an investigation. While he had not much partizanship in his conscience, he had not much faith in such an investigation as was indicated, so he wrote the Government a letter. "I am," he wrote, "a Liberal. I have been a Liberal partizan. I thank the Lord that I am able to say so, and to fervently express the hope that I shall again see my party in power. I hereby tender my resignation." This is among the correspondence that the Government have not yet published.

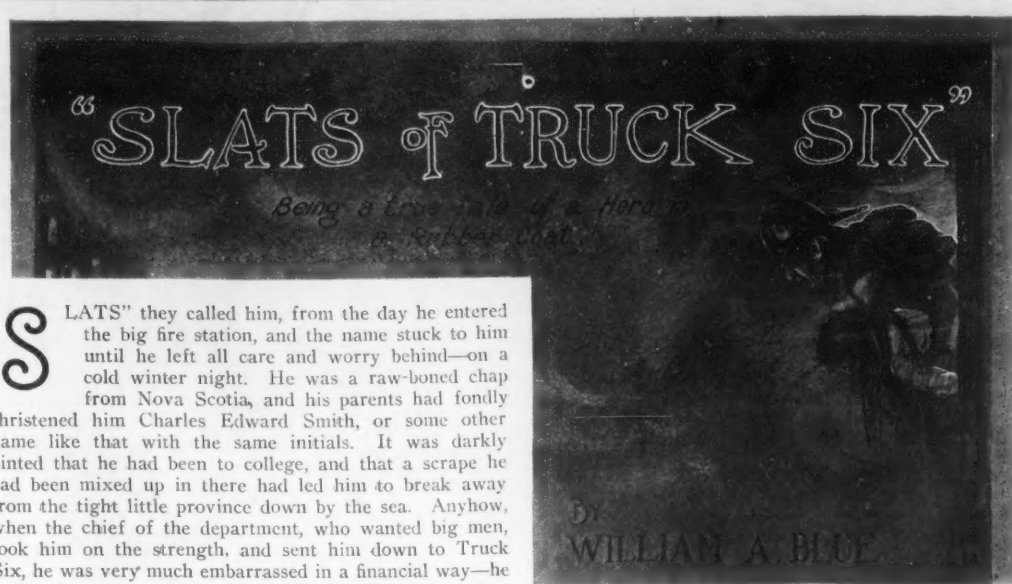
Pauline Johnson and Walter McRae, who are on an entertainment tour in Great Britain, are reported by M.A.P. as telling the following experience of their tour of Western Canada last year: "In their drive of nine hundred miles through the mountain ranges of British Columbia, up the Old Cariboo Trail to the goldfields of Barkerville, they paused to give their entertainment at all sorts and conditions of buildings, some, which they were led to expect would be grand saloons, turning out to be mere schoolrooms attached to very primitive Methodist churches. Arriving at one of these rooms in the early part of their tour, Mr. McRae had the misfortune to be anticipated in the line of humorous entertainment by a gentleman from whose thoughts the intention to provide laughter was very far indeed. They got to this place when it was in the hands of a religious meeting, having turned up in their four-horse wagon too soon, and when they entered and took their seats near the door they found the walls had not been cleared of the maps and blackboards. The preacher had for some time been standing with his back to a small slate hanging to the wall behind the platform, but in the excitement of an extra emphatic moment of the sermon he strode from his place, and revealed to all eyes the following remains of an afternoon lesson for the young:

IS IT AN OX OR AN ASS?
IT IS AN ASS.
DO WE HEAR THE ASS BRAY?
YES; WE DO HEAR THE ASS BRAY.
GO ON, OLD ASS, GO ON AND BRAY!

When the congregation had departed from the school-room, and the Johnson-McRae audience took possession of the seats, the Canadian humorist discovered it to be no easy matter to create laughter as hearty as that which had shaken the crazy roof a few minutes before."

Among those representing the country at Ottawa on the Conservative side of the House, is a gentleman who is also a practising lawyer in this city. He is an ardent sportsman, and is fond of sailing. His wife is a diligent observer of the Sabbath, but knows little of the art of navigation, and concerns herself not at all with the vagaries of the wind in that regard. One summer, while the twin were sojourning on the Muskoka lakes, frequent arguments arose as to the propriety of the practice of the husband of sailing a party across the lake to church. Finally, the wife agreed that, so long as he sailed straight there and straight back, it was a necessary evil, and as such must be tolerated. One day, however, the party set out a trifle earlier than usual against a head wind, and, after a series of close-hauled legs, reached the place of worship and, the same wind prevailing, sailed home with a free sheet, arriving there just in time for dinner. The wife was wroth at what she considered an evasion of the compact, and took her husband to task. That gentleman strove to explain that it was the wind which had been at fault, and not he, but to no avail. The good lady closed her diatribe by saying in a voice which brooked no reply: "You came home quickly enough when you wanted your dinner, but you started out earlier than usual, and went zig-zagging all over the lake. You need not try to tell me you were 'tacking,' or whatever that sort of thing is called. You could have gone straight if you had wanted to. I have seen you do it often."

One day last week Mayor Coatsworth, the controllers, and the aldermen of Toronto took a trip up the Metropolitan line, at the invitation of the York Radial Railway Co. The party was halted some miles up Yonge street, and near them a young farmer was trying to fix somebody's automobile. There was something wrong with the machine, and while the young fellow was repairing it, the wits of the municipal party thought they would "guy" him a bit. "Bring the buggy over here," one of the aldermen called, "and take the City Council for a ride." The motorist glanced at the Torontonians, and remarked, "Well, when I goes ridin' I generally picks my company." Knowing that they had been recognized, the aldermen did not continue the dialogue.



"SLATS" they called him, from the day he entered the big fire station, and the name stuck to him until he left all care and worry behind—on a cold winter night. He was a raw-boned chap from Nova Scotia, and his parents had fondly christened him Charles Edward Smith, or some other name like that with the same initials. It was darkly hinted that he had been to college, and that a scrape he had been mixed up in there had led him to break away from the tight little province down by the sea. Anyhow, when the chief of the department, who wanted big men, took him on the strength, and sent him down to Truck Six, he was very much embarrassed in a financial way—he had to borrow money for his meals—but that was a passing event.

Charles Edward's appearance in the station was hailed with delight by the boys, and when someone asked his name in an undertone, the wit of the station answered "Slats." Charles came over to where the "smoke eaters" were sitting skylarking and asked for the captain. He was shown to that officer's room, and a moment later that worthy opened the door and looked at the new fireman.

"So you are the new man, are you?" Slats replied that he was the same. Then the captain called for the lieutenant, and they had a sort of an introduction.

"You'd better take him in charge, and when he knows the district give him the tiller."

All aerial trucks have tillers to guide the rear wheels around corners, and the man in charge of the wheel is known as the tiller-man. So Slats was posted as relief tiller-man on the truck. The lieutenant showed Slats his locker and bed, and calling on Long Jack Struthers, the relief driver, instructed him to show the new man how to do the work assigned to him. The first day in the station was one of continual surprises, and Slats soon learned the correct way to come down a pole and how to snap a collar.

The first night he was shown how to set out the night boots, and he retired to bed and tried to sleep. Everything was new and strange, and sleep required a lot of coaxing. The night cars rattled past the station, and their noise, combined with the stamp of horses in the stables, and the snores of the men, kept his senses on the jump. He tossed from side to side, and looked down the long sleeping room with a score of men in it, all sleeping soundly, and envied them. Then, just after a distant clock had tolled the hour of three, a wonderful thing happened. The electric lights in the sleeping room were aglow, and the next instant the big gong downstairs started banging away.

Slats knew what that meant, and he made a dive out of bed into his night boots. As he struggled into them he could see that every man was doing the same, and some of the smarter ones were already running for the poles. He got into his boots, and pulling up his trousers ran for the truck pole, and the next instant was down on the apparatus floor. He snapped a collar on one of the three big bays that pulled the machine, and then a voice called out "247." The lieutenant yelled at him, for he was standing looking on, and instinctively he jumped on the running board of the big truck, as it rolled out of the station. By the help of someone, he managed to get into his rubber coat and helmet, which is no easy matter when a man is half awake and riding on a truck drawn by galloping horses. Through the sleeping streets they pounded, the truck bell ringing madly, and presently pulled up at a box on a corner. Other pieces of apparatus were there, filled with strange looking men, half dressed, who joked and laughed at each other. It was a small fire, however, and before Slats had any time to see anything of it, the deputy chief ordered the truck back to quarters. The streets were not in the best of condition, and a rain the day before had made them muddy, so the new man spent the next couple of hours along with the rest of the crew cleaning up. For what sleep he lost that night he made up next afternoon, and afterwards was not much troubled with insomnia. When a man is disturbed on an average twice a night, he generally sleeps soundly when he does get into bed.

So Slats continued on the job, and put in two years of hard work. He had by that time become the tiller-man, and was senior on the rig, and next man for promotion. On a big fire department men leave and are transferred so much that a good man rapidly gets to the top of the ladder—if he stays at the job long enough, and does not fall off when he gets there.

One cold night in winter, just a little over two years after Slats had first entered the station, the big gong struck in a call for aid from the business district. Truck Six answered it on the first alarm, and as they sped through the snow covered streets, the flare of fire could be seen in the sky. It was a big office building, and the flames had secured good headway, before a passing policeman had sent in the alarm. The truck pulled up, and from every direction came the sounds of bells ringing madly, as apparatus rushed to the rescue. The chief whirled around a corner ahead of the truck, and taking in the

situation at a glance, sent in the second, third, and fourth alarms, one after the other.

As Slats leapt from his seat he grabbed a door opener, and in a few minutes, with the help of the chief, had broken the lock of the big door on the building. The two groped their way through the smoke and then backed out. The flames had gone up the elevator shaft, and every flat was ablaze.

A half score of streams were by this time working, and the big water towers were being raised in position. Then, as the two gained the open air, something happened. Away up on the sixth storey the form of a woman appeared in a window, and then disappeared. The cries of the firemen caused Slats to look up, and he saw the woman fall back.

To wait for a ladder was out of the question, so he turned and ran into the building. The smoke was coming up the hall, and he climbed the stairs on hands and knees. The pungent odor filled his nostrils, and as he gained the sixth floor, it was worse than ever. Half crawling, half creeping, he made his way along the hall, and as if guided by some unseen hand, went into the room. He crawled and reached the inert form as the flames broke through the floor. Grabbing the insensible woman, he dragged her to the window, and called to the boys down below. An aerial ladder was being placed under the window, the one of Truck Six it was, and he dimly saw the boys climbing up like monkeys. The smoke was getting denser, and his brain whirled. Slats felt his strength go, and a desire to sleep came over him, and just as the ladder reached the window he fell back into the room insensible. Up the ladder and into the room came the firemen, and the two forms were seized and carried down to solid earth once more.

The brigade surgeon had responded to the third alarm, and was at the bottom of the ladder. He bent over the woman, and after feeling her pulse turned to Slats. He felt both pulse and heart, and took rather longer to it than was necessary, and then turning to a policeman, ordered him to call a dead wagon. The chief and one or two men were around, and the surgeon, pointing to the bodies, remarked in a low tone:

"There was no hope of her from the first, and he breathed in the flames."

The papers next day printed graphic stories of the fire, and ran cuts of the thrilling attempt at rescue, and told in glowing words the brave deed of the young fireman who had given his life for another. The newspaper men wired the story of the brave deed over the country far and wide, and in a little town in the Bluenose province, a slender girl turned pale as she read of the sacrifice. Then taking a letter from her pocket, which she had received from him a few days before, read, "and you know I hope to be with you in the summer if I do not cash in before the time comes."

The same day a new fireman came to Truck Six, and Slats passed off the roll of the department. But to this day, when the men in that station discuss the courage of any man, the parallel used is "As brave as Slats."

Ottawa, July, 1906.

Golfers from many places in Ontario have taken part in the week's tournament at the Lambton Golf and Country Club. It has been about the most ambitious undertaking attempted by any club in Canada, and has been such a success that next year's event will probably attract players from all parts of Canada and the United States. Mr. A. W. Tillinghast, of Philadelphia, has been the only competitor from a distance, and has given a good account of himself. His play has been much admired. The amateur champion, Mr. George S. Lyon, did not compete, but stood out in order to give others a chance.

King Alfonso having ridden his horse into the royal palace, to the alarm of his mother, a Toronto paper expressed the opinion that he was "nutty." This leads the *Ottawa Citizen* to remark: "A gentleman who is now one of the brightest ornaments of the Ontario High Court bench, once rode his horse into a hotel to the—er—cafe, solaced himself with a 'horse' neck, and rode out without doing any damage. It was done on a small bet. Nobody thought he was 'nutty.' A good many thought he was a good sport, and a very clever horseman."



"WELL, his audience... You knowed gray, thin man of 'Mebbe,' was mital reply.

"You remember combined mill on my father's time?

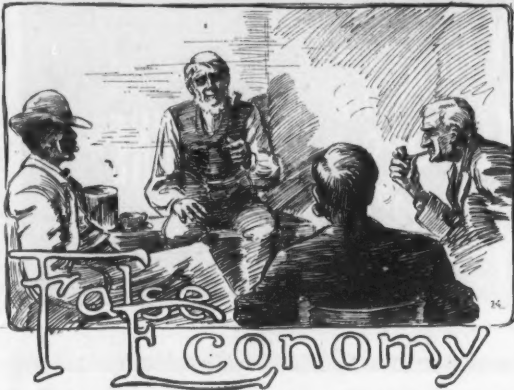
Jake opened and gravely expessed nodd.

"His nephly, I and he's the mean old Daniel Tobias made the folks hokey! if they didn't never made the people home so. If they in the bills beside run his face for he settled at all with old Daniel right down on 'er and a small com and cut a few log gate with one saw so clost together, the guts out of that they brought own saw-dust with one way or another went away with the most popular worry much over a tidy thing. The manville, and no team and a jump Tobias's. People and most of 'em a load. Then it ing. So old Ban was to old, and if until he was, or pestle in a hole as Injuns. Dani one, and he cou pendent. And he and bears was as geese and ducks tame ones. The big flocks you ev just flop down up and away ag father lived in Blazers." He to pigeons would b

"Well, that w the ponds and l The night 1 an large flock of g most covered it bein' most trem you'll hardly bel ice solid as you and told old Da he could get the man didn't feel that night, so bush—a big gun It'd 'a' held a l want to waste m which must ha of the gun. An he didn't put no he was, intendi might have been fied to shoot so wanted the who blazes, amin' at whole of them. The whole flock. But, by hokey! born days such The old gun m them geese into together, and I the air, pon and to the bottom, legs. They we bigger than a v clear away.

"Well, the Tobias's busine much figure. I and all mills w water to run I with them and water used to worse, after th over where Da of ice broke of bald head, and fell down, and warn't no good death. All on That's why I s

The tide of will rise far al lowest estimate European shor that the sum o penditure. It be at least \$25



"WELL, you see, 'conomy's all right," said the sour man in the corner, as he relit his pipe, "but I knowed—least my father knowed—a man as was ruined by it. Yes, sir, ruined by it."

His audience smiled. "You knowed him, too, Jake," said he, turning to the gray, thin man opposite.

"Mebbe," was Jake's laconic and somewhat non-committal reply.

"You remember old Daniel Tobias Bangs, as ran the combined mill on the line between Manvers and Caven in my father's time?"

Jake opened the door, and having very deliberately and gravely expectorated out into the wide, wide world, nodded.

"His nephew, Harry Bangs, lives over in Cavan still, and he's the meanest man in it, but he ain't a patch on old Daniel Tobias. Why, at old Daniel Tobias' store he made the folks buying eggs return the shells, and, by hokey! if they didn't he'd charge them in the bills extra. He didn't never use no twine, nor paper, tyin' parcels, but made the people bring pails, and tins, and cart their goods home so. If they didn't he'd growl all day and charge in the bills beside. Them was the days when the farmer run his face for a year, and settled when he thrashed if he settled at all. Most all of 'em was under the harrow with old Daniel Tobias, and dasn't cheep or he'd shut right down on 'em all together. He run a country store and a small combined mill, where he did some gristing, and cut a few logs into lumber, with an old upright saw gate with one saw in it. Folks said he set the mill stones so close together, fear'd he lose something, that he grun' the guts out of the grain. Customers didn't lose much that they brought to the mill, for they got nearly all their own saw-dust when they took away shorts or bran. So, one way or another, everything they brought to the mill went away with them. Perhaps old Daniel Tobias warn't the most popularest man in the township, but he didn't worry much over that. He took his full profits and made a tidy thing. There warn't no other mill closer than Bowmanville, and no way of getting to that but with an ox team and a jumper, and the road led right by old Daniel Tobias's. People were onto the old man in the store and most of 'em was pretty leary of driving past him with a load. Then it was two days' journey, coming and going. So old Bangs did all the gristing and sawing there was to do, and if he was not ready the folks just waited until he was, or pounded their wheat into meal with a pestle in a hole in a maple log, or an old stump, same as Injuns. Daniel Tobias had mortgages on most every one, and he could afford to be pretty up-ish and independent. And he was. This was early days, and deers and bears was as common as calves is now, and the wild geese and ducks in the spring and fall was as common as tame ones. The geese used to come in the most notorious big flocks you ever see, and if they was tired flyin' they'd just flop down and lite in a lake or a pond and feed, and up and away again when they was good and ready. My father lived in Cavan at the time. Was one of "the Blazers." He told me the flocks of geese and ducks and pigeons would blacken the sky.

"Well, that winter come on middlin' early, and it froze the ponds and lakes, some of them clear to the bottom. The night I am speakin' of there was a most terrible large flock of geese lited on old Bangs' mill pond, and most covered it. It was middlin' small, and the geese bein' most tremenjous large flock. In the mornin', sir, you'll hardly believe me, but the geese was froze into the ice solid as you please. Well, a neighbor man come in, and told old Daniel Tobias what had happened, and that he could get the whole flock if he hurried up. The old man didn't feel like goin' on the ice, it havin' only froze that night, so off he goes upstairs and gets his blunderbush—a big gun with a mouth on it like a band trumpet. It'd 'a' held a hat full of shot, but the old man didn't want to waste none, so he loads it with about a handful, which must have felt lonesome there, judging by the size of the gun. And cold as it was, he was in such a hurry he didn't put nothing on his bald head, but sailed out as he was, intendin' to have the whole flock. Well, sir, it might have been all right even then, if he had been satisfied to shoot some few and leave the rest, but no, he wanted the whole flock at the one go-off. So away he blazes, aimin' at none of them, but calculatin' to get the whole of them. Well, you'd not think he could 'a' missed the whole flock if he tried, and him right along side of it. But, by hokey! he did. And you never heard in all your born days such a flappin' of wings and squawkin' of geese. The old gun made more noise than a cannon, and skeered them geese into a fit. They just flopped their wings all together, and I'll be tanned black if they didn't go up in the air, pond and all. The pond, you see, was froze clear to the bottom, and they carried the ice away on their legs. They went up and up, until the ice didn't seem no bigger than a woman's handkercher, and then they flew clear away.

"Well, the pond was gone, and so was old Daniel Tobias's business, for a mill without no power don't cut much figure. It was before the days of steam engines, and all mills was run by water. Well, there warn't no water to run Daniel Tobias's mill; the geese took it all with them and left just the hole in the ground, where the water used to be. It's there still. To make matters worse, after the geese had got up very high they sailed over where Daniel Tobias was standin', and a big block of ice broke off and cun down plunk on the old man's bald head, and near knocked the top of his head in. He fell down, and they picked him up for dead. He never warn't no good after, but was looney to the day of his death. All on account of his economy and meanness. That's why I says that economy ruined him."

The tide of American visitation to Europe this year will rise far above the previous high water mark. The lowest estimate is that 250,000 Americans will land on European shores between May 15 and August 15, and that the sum of \$500 is a fair average of individual expenditure. It is easy to believe that the aggregate will be at least \$250,000,000. Of this huge total the largest

share falls to Switzerland. That region has more than 2,000 hotels, little and large, employing an aggregate of 30,000 people, and the influx of travellers is already taxing the resources of all. Some of the hotels have retained all the cottages of the peasants near them for the season. A well-known banker in the United States, writing on the subject, estimates that the amount expended by American tourists in Europe, will reach the sum of \$400,000,000 or \$500,000,000, and he claims these extravagant expenditures are responsible for the tightness of the money market in the Republic. This estimate was submitted to Thomas Cook & Son, who have wide experience in the tourist business. The New York manager said: "I don't believe it. It doesn't stand to reason. Our business touches, in general, persons from moderately rich to those with small incomes. Going to Europe is not so costly a job, when it's figured out right, as many think. Once you're on the other side you can travel and stop wherever you like, with good accommodations, all covered by an expense of \$6 to \$10 a day. Any more can be set down to the extravagance of a few of our suddenly-rich Americans, but as a factor in American expenditures abroad these extravagant individuals count for very little. Bear in mind that a trip to Europe is the dream of almost every cultivated American. School teachers save their salaries for years to go. Ministers also, and business and professional men. Most European travellers come back with ten per cent. of their letters of credit unexpended."

As a circus was leaving Rumford, Me., the elephant man and two villagers became involved in a quarrel. The countrymen called for a policeman. The driver of the elephants was ready for him. He said in an undertone to his animals, "Tails!" The big creatures quickly closed around him in a circle which could not be easily penetrated. Then to the biggest elephant, the driver said, "Look out for that man," and the anger of the elephant being kindled, he charged on the officer who was only too glad to take to his heels. The mischievous driver let the animal pursue the fleeing officer, to the great amusement of the crowd, until he saw that the man's breath began to fail him, then he called a halt, and the cavalcade proceeded to the station.

The "Busted" Engagement

UNFORTUNATELY I was to blame for it all, but how could I know that the poor old things were going to fall in love?

He was an elderly deacon in the church, an Englishman, who always wore a frock coat, Gladstonian collar, and top hat, the year round.

Needless to say, he was a widower, and he was always reminding people that he had remained true to the defunct's memory, these many, long years—a way widowers have before taking a fresh plunge. He had already worried through twenty-five of them without her.

Attending the same church, was a go-ahead-a-tive damsel, who took a hand in everything. She bossed the Ladies' Aid (always to be dignified with capital letters), taught in the Sunday school, and sang in the choir, from which vantage place she looked into the faces of three generations, that had come upon the scene, since her entry upon that platform of activity. Indeed, she looked after the morals of the whole congregation, including its pastor!

One dark night, coming from a church meeting, I happened to remark to the widower: "Look at poor Miss J—, having to go that long way alone; can't you trot her home?"

"Yes," he replied; "I shall do myself the honour of seeing her 'ome."

The incident had almost passed out of my mind, when one day I met Miss J— on the street, when she literally fell on my neck, and began saying effusively, half laughing and crying, "My dear! My dear!"

Then she gulped, swallowed, and turned a purple red, and stopped.

But once more she started. "I'm so happy. I'm—engaged at last, and all through you."

The news nearly took me off my feet, the thought of this lady and matrimony being as far apart—in my mind—as the poles. Then she continued: "It all started through you asking him to see me home. Since then he has never missed a chance, always saying it bothered him to think of me going through the dark avenue alone

—as if she hadn't braved it for the last fifty years. "Well, last night when we were among the trees, something scared me so that I unconsciously put my arm around his neck—here she colored and gave an hysterical laugh—when he put his arm around my waist, and said he wanted always to be my protector. Oh! I am so happy. I just feel like I did when I got converted, and I am so grateful, I want to give you a present, so come in with me to this store and choose a hat!" At that I came down again on my feet, and going with her unwittingly chose a daisy fifteen dollar one, with a cute drooping plume. But she was game, and made me keep it. It was a "noble" looking hat, and made me look fine.

Then she slyly said: "You know my folks don't like me keeping company with anyone; do you mind, dearie, if he and I meet sometimes at your house?" I "sighed" Samantha-like to myself, but what could I do but agree, since on my head was firmly pinned the bribe.

After that came the fun, or rather the nuisance. He would come up to the house and relate to me how the courtship was progressing, how that he was even happier than he had ever been, in class-meeting, telling me how sweet she was, and so full of affection! "Why, you couldn't imagine the dear girl could be so loving." "O! yes, I could," I would answer wearily. Then he would drone on and on, "So religious, such a step-mother as she will make." "I have promised her," he added, "that she shall have her breakfast abed each morning, seeing she's kind o' delicate," a remark that nearly upset my gravity. That woman delicate!

Then at another time she would drop in to tell me what a dear thing Robert was, and how he was affectionate—sometimes giving me particulars.

One evening, when she came, he was playfully hiding behind the piano. She had a huge bunch of violets fastened at her corsage, and I having admired them, she giggled, and said, "Yes, they are lovely, but they will be badly crushed when Robert has been around a few minutes." "That's so," said the gentleman in stentorian tones, crawling out from his hiding place.

She screeched—and I fled. When I wasn't there, "Robert" would sit and tell "Worst Half" what a darling creature Elmira was, and how she adored him, until poor "W. H." would have to bathe his head in camphor water. He said the man's nonsense was turning his brain.

One night I wondered where "W. H." had taken himself, as I couldn't find him. After calling him several times, I heard in reply a sad "Here I am" from across the garden. Hurrying through the grass, I found him sitting on the back fence. "What on earth—" I began, but he broke in: "Look here, even a worm will turn, and I am sick of it all! A couple on the verandah, another in the drawing-room, the maid and her young man in the kitchen, and"—his voice rising to a high crescendo—"those two old asinines occupying the study, there's no place left me but the fence."

Compunction did seize me, yet he looked so like our Dane dog when he gets huffed, that I burst out laughing. Then I tried to comfort him with the suggestion that the outcome might be wedding fees. But he was inconsolable, saying he didn't get them, and continuing his lament about lovers being such "idiots." Of course he meant old ones.

However, didn't those two, a couple of weeks later, have a regular dog-and-cat fight, charging that each had deceived the other, and going so far that they carried it to prayer-meeting, where they prayed at one another, he telling the Lord how thankful he was to be delivered from birds of prey that resembled doves, and the "amen" wouldn't be off his lips before she would take a hand, giving a drive about wolves in sheep's clothing, with the result that the engagement was "forever busted" (in the words of the widower).

While poor me, though I was out a fee, I was in a h-a-t.

GEORGINA SEEING.

August, 1906.

Notes of the Drama.

When H. B. Irving comes to America next fall he will have in his repertoire the following: *Mauricetto*, *Paolo and Francesca*, and *The Sin of David*, three new plays. Also three of his father's great successes, *Charles I.*, *The Bells*, and *The Lyons Mail*.

The new Astor Theater at Broadway and Forty-fifth street, New York, will be opened on Thursday, August 30. The house will be opened by Miss Annie Russell, who will appear for the first time as *Puck* in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Martin Harvey will revive *The Corsican Brothers* in London this season, and Beerholm Tree will stage an elaborate revival of *Macbeth*.

De Koven's new opera, *The Student King*, was recently presented in Chicago, and is pronounced by the press to be a great success.

A sign of the times is given in Mr. Brady's decision that the title, *The Richest Girl in the World*, would not do for Grace George's play, and it will be named *Dolly Proposes*. Mr. Brady says people have tired of plays about money.

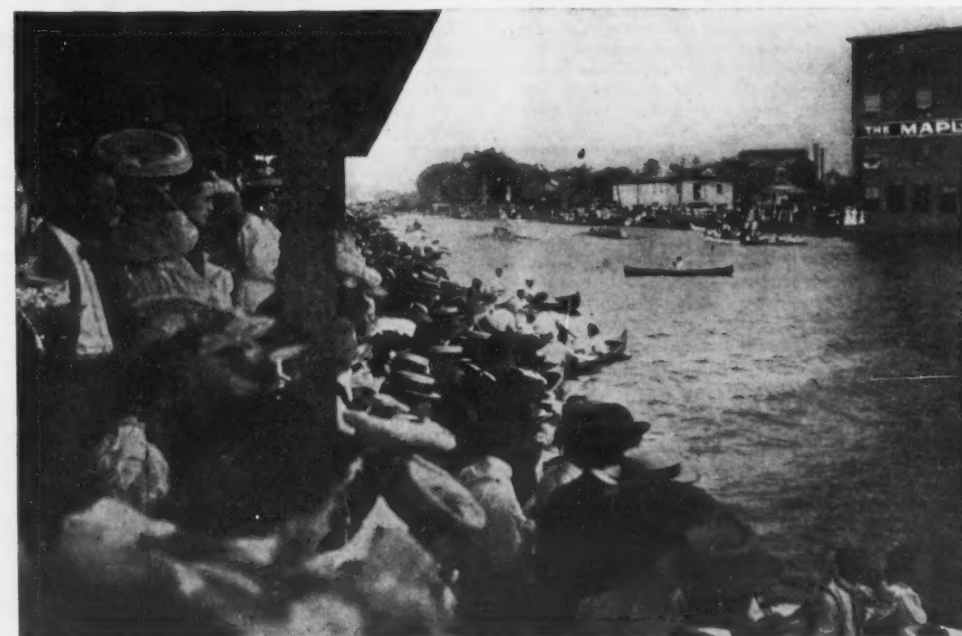
The theatrical season opened at Shea's last Monday with an excellent programme of the best vaudeville standard which it will be far from easy to maintain throughout the coming year. William Alexis, in a sketch called "Tommy Atkins and the Dancing Girl," twisted himself into posture after posture that defied every law of anatomy. He even performed the seemingly impossible feat of sitting on his own head. The success of Aurie Dagwell with her old-time songs, would indicate that it is not always the novel and unexpected that pleases the public. There is a charm in the simple familiar melodies that outlasts the crude extravagances of the rag-time lyrics of the day. Another interesting feature of the programme was a slinky sketch, "On His Uppers," written by the inimitable George Ade, a wild and rollicking burlesque in the satiric vein of the author's "Fables in Slang." The piece abounds in felicitously humorous expressions, particularly when *Fred Parlee*, a broken-down horse-owner, describes the race in which he lost his all. He woefully remarks that he could not tell whether the horse he backed was last in the third race or first in the fourth. Stuart Barnes, a monologist, gave some clever soliloquies and comic songs in which he was witty without being vulgar. The most pretentious act on the bill was "Ye Colonial Septette," a charming production which recalled the manners and customs of early colonial days. There was a prologue delivered in the charming eighteenth century fashion, a scene in a Virginian forest, and an old-time Hallowe'en in a colonial mansion. The Septette played on brass instruments of varying tones and dimensions, on violins and 'cellos, and as a finale gave a pleasing parody of the "Tell me, Pretty Maiden" ballet. Other interesting things were the juggling of the youthful Selma Braatz, and the trick bicycle riding of the St. Onge Brothers. Altogether the programme was sufficiently interesting to make the audience forget the torrid atmosphere, but it is certain that an all-summer theater will be impossible here until we have more spacious and cool playhouses.



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These marvelous tablets are nature's natural remedy for irritated or weakened kidneys. They act directly on the kidneys—soothe the irritated membranes—clean, heal and strengthen the organs—and help them to new vigor with their work.

Often kidney trouble is not due to any organic defect in the kidneys. If the bowels are constipated—if the skin does not throw off the tissue waste on the body—then these impurities are carried to the kidneys. In a vain endeavor to rid the system of impurities the kidneys are overworked—the blood vessels are dilated—the nerves inflamed. That causes a host of kidney troubles.

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OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practising in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

Robt. B. Henderson, 48 Canada Life Bldg. King St. West.
Hurbert G. Jaquith, Confed. Life Bldg.
J. S. Back, 704 Temple Bldg.
Mrs. Adalyn K. Pigott, 182 Bloor St. East.
Georgene W. A. Cook, 189 College St.
F. P. Millard, D. O., 111 Confederation Life Building.

Not Under Control.

Tommy had got into a bad habit of making faces behind his teacher's back at school. He always prided himself on his smartness at never being caught; but he made an ugly grimace once too often.

"What are you doing, you bad boy?" demanded the wrathful teacher, flashing round and almost withering the lad.

"Oh, please, sir," whimpered Tommy. "I was going to laugh, but my face slipped."—"Answers."

ANECDOTAL

"It is a very fine thing to be brave and generous and noble," said Bliss Perry, the writer-editor and Harvard teacher, "but sometimes we are generous and noble against our will. Then, of course, we deserve no credit. Of this type was a young married man whose father-in-law, a reputed millionaire, burst in on him one day and groaned: 'All is lost! I am utterly ruined!' 'Ahem,' said the son-in-law. 'Then I married for love, after all!'"

A London lady who has been holiday-making wrote to a servant that she would be home next evening at 6.30 (D.V.), and asking that dinner be ready. Arriving home she found no dinner. The cook appeared with apologies. "Would you mind telling me, ma'am, what 'D. V.' means?" she said. "I couldn't make it out, but Sarah (the housemaid) said it must mean Due at Victoria." So we allowed you an hour to get home from the station."

Last summer a well-known professor went with his family to a small seaside resort on the east coast of England, and boarded with a farmer who was in the habit of taking paying guests. This year he wrote to the farmer and in his letter said: "There are several little matters that I desire changed should I decide to pass my holidays at your house. We don't like the maid Mary; moreover, we do not think a sty so near the house is sanitary." The farmer replied: "Mary is went, and we 'avent 'ad no hogs since you went away last August."

It was commencement day at M-Seminary. The mother of the prettiest girl graduate was there—overflowing with pride at her daughter's success. "I'll tell you these girls have to walk chalk," said the complacent mother. "They can't go anywhere without a 'shampooer.'" A little later, turning to her companion, the good lady said: "Can you tell me what State 'Table d'hôte' is in? My oldest daughter is in the South somewhere, for her health. She wrote me that she was better, and was going to Table d'hôte for the first time. Now I've looked 'all over the map of the United States and I can't find that name anywhere."

A certain theatrical manager of Chicago tells of an Irish policeman in that city possessing Dogberry-like traits. On one occasion, at midnight, the custodian of the law overhauled a sleep-walker, who was promenading a principal thoroughfare clad only in his nightgown. When the officer had awakened the unfortunate man, placed him under arrest and was hustling him off to the station, the sleep-walker exclaimed with indignation: "Surely you are not going to lock me up?" "Surest thing you know!" airily responded the bluecoat. "Why, man, I can't be held responsible for the predicament you find me in! I am a somnambulist!" "Sure, it makes no difference what church ye belong to," sharply returned the officer, "ye can't parade the streets of Chicago in your nightie!"

Judge Benson—the Senator appointed by the Governor of Kansas to fill out the term of Senator Burton, who resigned—was sworn in a few minutes before Lincoln Breachy brought his airship over the Capitol, circled the dome and alighted in the plaza. The arrival of the airship created great excitement even in the staid and dignified Senate. Most of the Senators went out to see it, leaving public business at a standstill. Senator Long, Judge Benson's colleague, passed Benson's desk on his way out. "Judge," he said, "don't you want to go out and see the airship?" "Now, see here, Long," exploded Benson, "I know I am from Kansas and I'm a Rubie and this is my first day here, but I'll be gosh-hanged if I'm green enough to bite at anything like that!"

Richard Croker, then leader of Tammany Hall, attended the Democratic National Convention in Kansas City in 1900. He lost his trunk on the way out, and when he reached the city, he found it necessary to get some linen. He asked Dr. John H. Girdner of New York to go with him and help him buy some. They went to a department store. While Croker was making his purchases word was passed around the store that Croker was there. Business was suspended, and the clerks and customers crowded around to see the big Tammany man. "That's Croker!" they said, pointing him out. "That's Croker!" After Croker had bought his collars he waited a long time for his change, and then he and Girdner started out through a line of people who stared at him. "That's Croker!" they whispered to one another. "That's the Tammany boss!" "Doctor," said Croker, after they reached the sidewalk, "they seemed considerably agitated over my appearance there. Do you think they looked the safe?"

After a long absence, a fine steel engraving of the Prince Consort has appeared in the window of the stuffy little second-hand bookstore opposite the Peace Monument on Pennsylvania avenue, Washington. This bookstore was a favorite stopping-place for Speaker Reed on his way to the Capitol. The man who runs the store is a queer old fellow, who

refused to sell his books and refuses to let persons whom he does not like look at them, even. He apparently runs the store for his own amusement, for it is almost impossible to buy anything. One morning Speaker Reed saw this engraving of the Prince Consort. He admired it and told the old man so. It was marked to sell at \$1.50. The Speaker thought he might buy it, but did not. On his way down to his hotel he stepped again at the bookstore. "Where's that engraving of the Prince Consort I saw this morning?" he asked. "Oh, I put it away," the old man replied. "Well, I guess I'll buy it. The price is \$1.50, I believe." "No, sir; the price is ten dollars." "But it was only \$1.50 this morning," Reed insisted. "I know that," said the old man; "but, since this morning, it has been approved by the Speaker of the House of Representatives."

Congressman J. Adam Bede said of an impressionistic painter: "You know his work, of course. Beautiful, no doubt, in a vague, delicate, dreamy way; but not the kind of work to please the public. Our friend, I'm afraid, is a painter's painter, as Shelly was a poet's poet. A Cleveland millionaire visited his studio one day. This millionaire is forming an art gallery, and a critic advised him to include one of our friend's pieces. So the millionaire, with his diamond collar-button, his gold-headed cane, and his 25-cent cigar, stalked through the quiet studio, inspecting this canvas and that. They were all beautiful, but they were vague, elusive, without detail. A piece of very bright, rich coloring caught the millionaire's eye. It was the stately Ara Coeli stairway, with the olives and palms of the Campidoglio on the right, and it was called 'Easter in Rome.' The millionaire looked at the vague, rich picture, steeped in Italian color, and as the painter watched him his hopes rose high, for he considered 'Easter in Rome' his masterpiece. 'Um, 'Easter in Rome.' Yes,' said the millionaire. 'Pretty little sketch. Not bad. Look here, you can finish that up for me on approval, if you want to.'"



SCENE AT ALMOST ANY RAILROAD STATION.

"I shall have to charge you excess baggage on this one, ma'am."
"How perfectly outrageous! I shan't pay it."—"Life."

WORK FOR WOMEN OVER THIRTY

"OVER thirty" and "not under thirty" are business requirements which are becoming more and more frequent where the services of woman are required. In almost every case the salary is above the average, and the qualifications are those which it would be almost impossible for a very young woman to count among her assets. The characteristics usually demanded in such instances are "executive ability," "tact" and "good judgment."

The head of a New York establishment making a specialty of supplying business women for all sorts of work, in speaking of this subject recently, said:

"I have more applications nowadays than ever before for thoroughly competent, dignified, mature women, trained and experienced in some line of business, and upon whose judgment and intelligence an employer may rely."

"I secured a very valuable woman for a large dry goods store not long ago. In order to induce her to change from a former place the store owners were obliged almost to double her salary. This woman had been for twenty years accustomed to the handling of laces. She commenced by selling them—now she

"The Book Shop."

Tourists

who are up-to-date in the matter of correspondence would think themselves in hard luck if they had to dispense with a

Fountain Pen . . .

We show a large variety—every pen guaranteed to be as represented or money refunded.

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Air Cures Consumption.

And Water Cures Constipation.

But get the right kind of both. The mountain breezes, as they blow in the Laurentians—light, dry, pure, exhilarating—that is the air that heals the lungs. NOT the air we find in the byways and slums of the cities.

It is the GENUINE Hunyadi Janos that cures Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headaches and other Stomach, Liver and Bowel Troubles—NOT the imitations or substitutes said to be "just as good" or "just the same."

Hunyadi Janos has become famous all over the world as the most valuable health-giving mineral water and has established the fact that it is no longer necessary to weaken the liver and bowels and rack the system with drugs in order to "cure" constipation. It is Hunyadi Janos alone that acts gently and beneficially.

All druggists sell it. Try a small bottle, it costs but a trifle.

buys them, going abroad three times a year for that purpose. Her work is one of great responsibility. Do you think for a moment it could be done by a young woman? 'Over thirty' would certainly be a flattering figure at which to place her age. She's fifty if she's a day.

"Another person whom I have in mind, and whom I placed more than two years ago in a very different sort of a job was a well-preserved, thoroughly charming woman of, I should say, almost sixty years of age. Having brought up a family of her own, and being accustomed to the management of a household, she fitted in capitally as a house mother in a suburban school, where the principal was wise enough to appreciate the value of such a person's services. The salary paid was not large, but she had a delightful home, and made an ideal mother for the boarding-school girls. She did more or less chaperoning during the school term, and this summer has gone abroad with three of the girls.

"Business men, too, such as lawyers, bankers and brokers, to whom are entrusted many absolutely confidential matters, are at last realizing that the average young girl of eighteen, fresh from some business college and with absolutely no experience, is not the sort of person to whom they dare to intrust weighty business correspondence and other details. Years ago we did not dare send out a woman over twenty-five without stating this fact to her prospective employer; in fact, rather apologizing for her lack of youth. That's all over now, and when a man wants a thoroughly experienced woman to look after his confidential mail and personal affairs, the preference is given every time to such a woman as the advertisements describe as not under thirty."

"Of course, it goes without saying that such a woman must be prepossessing in appearance, for a certain degree of good looks and an attractive manner go a long way in the selection of a woman for any sort of business."

He Charged the Jury.

Senator Clay tells of a negro who was elected a justice of the peace in Georgia during reconstruction times. His first case was one where the defendant asked for a trial by jury. The negro justice presided with great dignity while the witnesses were examined, and the lawyers summed up.

Then everybody waited for him to charge the jury. He did not know what to do. Finally, a friendly lawyer leaned over the bench and said: "Charge the jury! this is the time to charge the jury."

The justice arose and looked at the jury. "Gentlemen ob de jury," he said, "dis yer's a mighty small case, an' I'll only charge you all a dollar an' a half apiece."—Exchange.

Pounds and Quires.

"Judging from Miss Thumperton's treatment of the organ," sarcastically remarked the choirmaster, who objected to the new organist engaged by the rector, "you prefer to buy your music by the pound."

"Well," replied the rector, quietly, "it isn't always supplied by the choir."—"Catholic Standard and Times."

The Discriminating Bird.

"Polly want a cracker?" The bird cocked his head meditatively.

"If you refer to one of those villainous detonations wrapped in red paper and associated inevitably with a wanton youth," he replied, "I am forced to answer your courteous inquiry with a decided negative."—"Philadelphia Ledger."

Most Important.

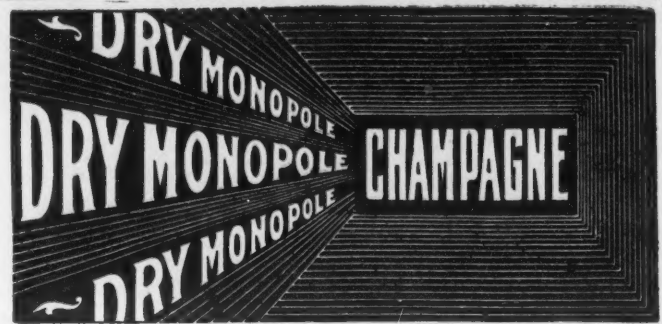
"What is the most important thing about handling a sail-boat?"

The old salt looked the novice over thoughtfully, and then replied, "Knowing how to swim."—"Washington Star."

A Good Example.

Generous Uncle—I will make you a monthly allowance, but, understand me, I will pay no debts!

Nephew—All right, uncle. Neither will I.—Translated from "Meggen-dorfer Blätter."



A SPLENDID WINE TONIC—AN IDEAL PICK-ME-UP COLEMAN'S

WINCARNIS

Wincarnis is unrivalled for recuperating the system and regaining lost health. It is an elegant combination of Choice Wine, Liebig's Extract of Meat and Finest Extract of Malt.

OVER 8000 MEDICAL TESTIMONIALS.

A RELIABLE TONIC.
DEAR SIR:—I am very pleased to say your preparation, "Wincarnis," has in my experience done all that you claim for it. I have tried it in three cases of Pyemia, and been more than satisfied, and also in ordinary cases of debility with complete satisfaction. I shall most certainly prescribe it in future as a reliable tonic and stimulant.
Yours truly, —M. E. etc.
Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire.

A VALUABLE PICK-ME-UP.
Bury, July 2, 1905.
DEAR SIR:—Please forward accompanying order. I have a very high opinion of the value of your "Wincarnis," and have used it in a case of debility following Scarlatina at the isolation hospital.
Yours faithfully,
—L.R.C.P., and M.R.C.S.

Agent: W. H. LEE, King Edward Drug Stores, Toronto.



CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO.

AUGUST 27 TO SEPTEMBER 10, 1906

COMPLETE DISPLAY OF CANADA'S INDUSTRIAL & AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES.

BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF THE KING HIS HOUSEHOLD BAND

THE LIFE GUARDS

WILL PLAY TWICE DAILY 11 A.M. & 4 P.M.

IVANHOE

MAGNIFICENT AND COSTLY ART LOAN EXHIBIT. GRAND FIREWORKS DISPLAY.

J. O. HARRIS, MANAGER & SECRETARY



A Goose Sixty-Three Years Old.

A goose which has been in the possession of the city of Toronto, in charge of Mr. Kimmings, superintendent of Island Park, for ten years, and has attained the remarkable age of sixty-three years, now lies at the point of death. It was presented to the city by ex-Alderman Piper, accompanied by the following letter:

"Toronto, October 28, 1893.
"My Dear Kimmings,—I take pleasure in sending you three geese sent me from Chatham by the Rev. William King. They have been on his farm fifty years. The bill in end of box will explain. Your truly,
(Signed) "H. Piper."

The bill referred to in above letter was a printed handbill, which was posted up by William King, the original owner of the geese. It read as follows:

"Two geese—fifty years old.
"One gander—thirty years old.
"These geese were hatched on William White's farm, in the Township

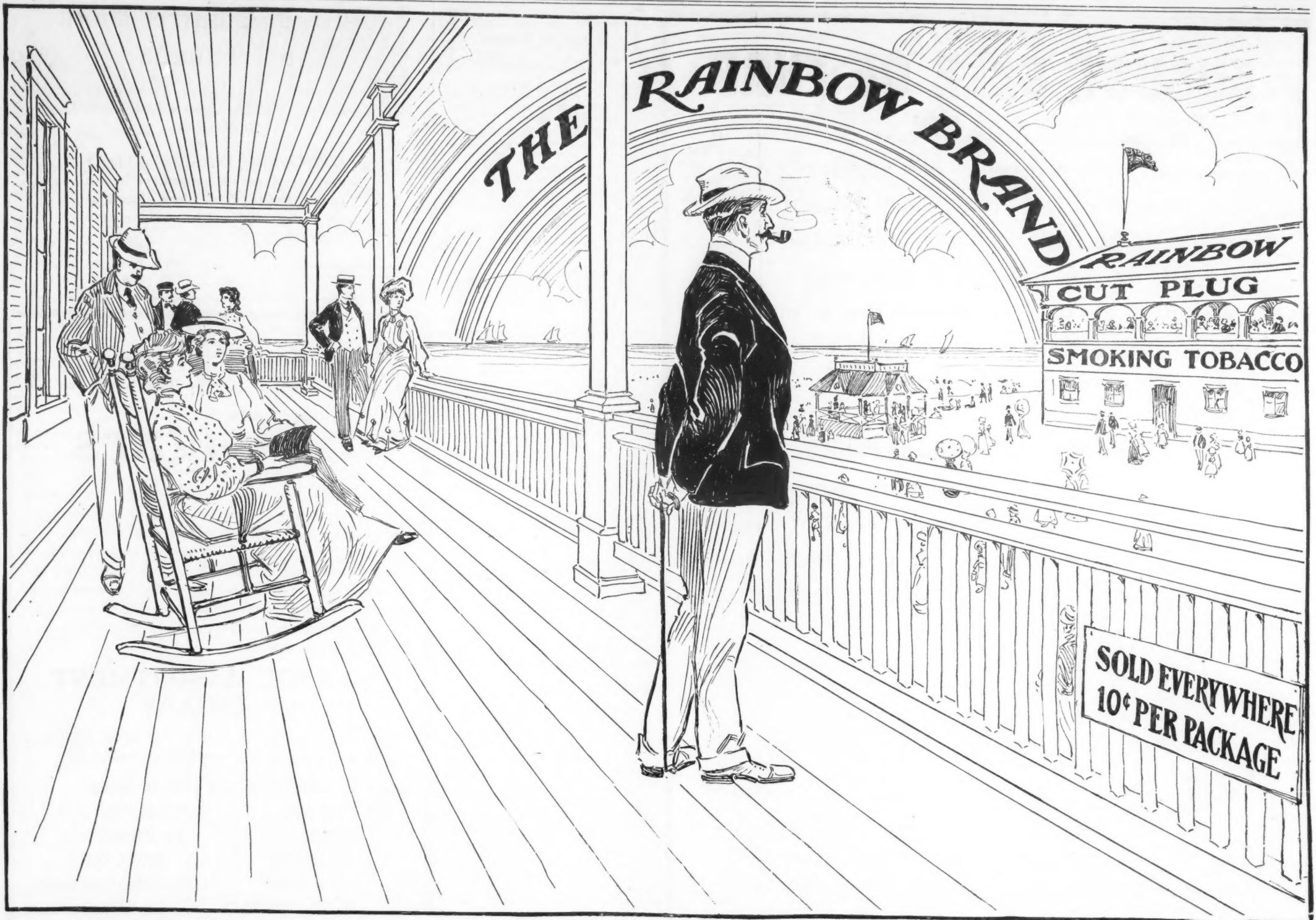
of Raleigh, in the year 1843. The farm and the geese were bought by the Rev. William King, in November, 1849, known now as the Clayton farm, and the geese have remained there ever since. They continue to lay and hatch a brood of goslings every year.

"William King."
"Yes, sir," exclaimed the representative of commercial interests, "this pure food is all wrong." "What's the matter with it?" "Matter? Why, man, if we couldn't adulterate the poisons we use in our fancy goods for table use, they'd be fatal."—Philadelphia "Ledger."

Ambiguous.
"Did you deliver my message, Rosalie?"
"Yes, madame, I told Mme. Durand that you were ill and that as soon as you had recovered you would call on her, and she said she was very sorry to hear it."—"Le Rire."

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There are establishments which incubate four at a time of lobsters; and—three in all—the Atlantic land waters. tion is as follows: Island, 1; New Brunswick, 5; Quebec, 1; and Commission regarding harbor held the ery must spawning be places may fish need no time after le advises the some centra insists that as soon as hatching. about with a but if the be too much c it is desired from distant done in the fish, and wi nearly certai eggs are pro ies, and a n young fish birth and su in the hatch til the fish chances of and it is w nection that eries retaini where these greatly to th



Fish Culture in Canada

PROBABLY but few, even interested, fishermen, will study the report of the Dominion Commissioner of Fisheries, Professor E. E. Prince, and note the great work in which the Dominion Government is engaged in the hatching and propagating of fish. This subject, however, is of particular and special interest to sportsmen. Like every other Dominion work, the first thing about it to strike the observant reader is the vastness and variety of the work done, and the thorough manner in which foundations have to be laid to ensure success, says "Rod and Gun." This is the tenth report by Professor Prince, and it gives accounts of the "planting" of over 473,000,000 of fish, exclusive of both black bass and berried lobsters.

There are twenty-two Government establishments engaged in the artificial incubation of fish eggs, including four at work in the propagation of lobsters; and six more are projected—three in British Columbia, two on the Atlantic coast, and one in inland waters. The present distribution is as follows: Prince Edward Island, 1; Nova Scotia, 3; New Brunswick, 5; Quebec, 4; Ontario, 3; Manitoba, 1; and British Columbia, 5. The Commissioner combats two theories regarding hatcheries which have hitherto held the field—first that a hatchery must necessarily be placed near spawning beds, however remote these places may be; and secondly, that fish need not be turned out for some time after leaving the hatchery. He advises the placing of hatcheries in some central position, and strongly insists that fish should be "planted" as soon as possible after leaving the hatchery. It is possible to carry fry about with a small percentage of loss, but if the best results are to be gained too much care cannot be taken. If it is desired to transplant species from distant regions this should be done in the form of eggs rather than fish, and with care, success is pretty nearly certain. In the hatcheries the eggs are protected from many enemies, and a much larger proportion of young fish given a better chance of birth and survival. If the fry is kept in the hatchery for some months until the fish attain a decent size the chances of survival are still greater, and it is worth noting in this connection that at several of the hatcheries retaining ponds are to be made, where these do not exist, and will add greatly to the efficiency of the hatch-

eries, and enable still better work to be accomplished. Improvements are reported from nearly every hatchery; enlargements in many cases, and preparations on every hand for increasing the accommodation, and the amount of work done.

The importance of fish culture is pretty generally recognized to-day, and to Canada, with her wonderful system of waterways, the subject is one of overwhelming importance. Many inquiries have been received from the States, and quite a number of the different States have adopted the policy of Canada in this respect. Everything done in this way assists others, for in fish culture there is still much to be learnt, and new methods are ever being adopted and carried out, as experiments, by careful observers who are deeply interested in the work. Reports have been received from different sections of successful fishing conducted in lakes where, prior to the turning out of fry from the hatcheries, no game fish were to be found. This has been particularly noticed on Lake Memphremagog, where sea salmon were caught last fall, having been planted from the Magog hatchery five or six years before. In Sharbot Lake, Ontario, a small supply of salmon fry were planted three years ago, and last season a few of these fish were caught.

From Nova Scotia there are reports from three hatcheries—Bedford, Bay View, and Margaree. The first distributed no less than 1,200,000 salmon fry in 19 rivers and streams of the Province, and 13,000 speckled trout in Maitland Stream and Mount Henly Lake; the second no less than 175,000,000 of young lobsters (the finest for many years) around the sea shores of the Province; and the third 562,000 fry in the rivers and streams. One extract must be made from the report of Mr. A. G. Carmichael of the Margaree hatchery, which reads as follows: "Local historians inform us that our first settlers found the Margaree River literally filled with salmon. I am satisfied that with proper and intelligent effort to increase the production of fry in this hatchery, a liberal restocking of the river would follow. With the nets removed out of its tidal waters, or restrictions placed on their use, the greater respect for the fishery laws and their vigorous enforcement will also ensure its productivity." This same officer points out

that applications are sometimes made for streams that are not adapted for salmon fry. He pleads for a free hand for officers in this matter, as, after bringing fry through with so much hard labor and expense, it appears too bad to throw them away.

Five hatcheries report from New Brunswick: Shemogue and Shippegan, both of which are lobster hatcheries; Miramichi, Restigouche, and St. John River. Shemogue distributed 52,000,000 of lobster fry, hatched in good healthy condition, about five miles out from shore, and over a distance of 25 miles. This was the first year for Shippegan, and good success attended their efforts, though a larger amount of work will be attempted this year. Miramichi distributed 1,500,000 of salmon fry in the waters of the Province; Restigouche 2,500,000 of salmon and salmon trout; and the St. John River hatchery 1,000,000. At Restigouche the officer is experimenting by keeping the fish over winter in an outside pond, which is covered over with deals and spruce brush to keep the water from freezing, and protecting the walls from the frost. He is sanguine of success in his efforts to keep a number of young salmon until they are two or three years old, and he will then mark them before liberating. He contends that salmon in the district require more efficient protection. The experiments of restocking with land-locked salmon proved successful, and specimens were taken last year which had attained a growth of 14 inches. A salt water pond is wanted for the Restigouche hatchery.

Gaspe, Tadoussac, and Magog report from Quebec. From Gaspe 1,500,000 of salmon fry were distributed in four rivers, and the officer in charge is looking forward to having a retaining pond so "we can stock our rivers with our own fish. There is no doubt whatever that the Gaspe salmon is superior to the St. John, New Brunswick, fish; if not in quality, certainly in size." From Tadoussac over 3,000,000 of fry were distributed, if credit be taken for 400,000 eggs sent to the Roberval hatchery on Lake St. John. Ten rivers and three lakes were restocked. In 12 lakes 280,000 salmon fry were turned out from the Magog hatchery, and 3,000 speckled trout into the North Hathy pond.

The Ottawa hatchery did excellent work, distributing 820,000 salmon trout in 30 lakes, and 57,000 Atlantic salmon in eight lakes. That very considerable public interest is taken in this institution is shown in the fact that it was visited by over 14,000 persons during the year. At Sandwich, Ontario, 51,000,000 of whitefish fry were liberated in Lakes

Huron and Erie, Bay of Quinte, and Detroit River. From the same hatchery 24,000,000 of young pickerel were distributed in Quebec and Ontario waters. Nearly 1,500,000 of salmon trout were sent out from the New-castle hatchery. At this place a bass pond has been made in close proximity to the hatchery, and 400 or 500 bass have been raised.

From the Selkirk hatchery, Manitoba, comes an excellent report. No less than 31,500,000 of good healthy fry have been liberated into the waters of the Red River. Many applications were received for restocking the smaller lakes of the Province, and will receive attention in due course.

There are five hatcheries in British Columbia, and the fisheries of that Province are a most important asset. At each hatchery salmon was the principal fish to which attention was directed, and fry were distributed in millions. The hatchery built for stocking the waters of the Fraser River has a capacity for 27,000,000 eggs, and trout fry were also reared with a view to stocking the various sporting waters in Vancouver Island. How far education can be carried in these matters is well illustrated in a report on the Nimphk hatchery, which is owned and operated by the British Columbia Packers' Association, one clause of which reads as under: "At Alberni, at the head of Barclay Sound, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, the Indians, through their agent, have made a request for the establishment of a hatchery to conserve the supply of

fish, which they fear may be affected by the operations of the cannery belonging to the Alberni Packing Company." Of course, it is self-interest on the part of the Indians, but the whole scheme is one of self-interest, and it is clear that some Indians have enough education to see this.

In a very few years this work, conducted on such a magnificent scale, should have a marked effect, and not many waters should be left unstocked. Lakes that have been fished out, or where the fishing has become poor, can be restocked, and with a few years' rest will again become as prolific of fish as ever. In the course of this work, too, much is being learnt about fish, their habits, food, etc., and by putting such knowledge to the best use there never need be any fear of the fishing of Canada falling below the present standard. With all this work, and the necessary extensions which must come every year, our fisheries, valuable as they now are, ought to be increased and multiplied, and, with efficient protection, should be again as wonderful as they were when the first settlers reached our shores.

The Canadian National Exhibition.

The Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, boasts \$150,000 worth of new buildings this year, the principal of which is a fine new process building, in which a score of industries will be seen at work.

The buildings on the exhibition grounds at Toronto are valued at between \$1,200,000 and \$1,500,000. No other annual exhibition in America possesses the same accommodation.

The Exhibition has purchased Canon Woodville's famous picture, "The Dawn of Majuba Day," in which the second Canadian contingent is shown in front at the surrender of Cronje at Paardeberg. Critics pronounce it the most striking war picture ever painted.

The articles on exhibit at the Fair last year were insured for \$3,000,000, and were of an estimated value of twice that amount. This year both insurance and value is expected to be half as large again.

Pictures have been loaned for this year's Fair by the Corporation of the City of London, the Corporation of the City of Liverpool, the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, Lord Strathcona and Sir George Drummond.

The total amount given in prizes is \$45,000, of which \$11,429 is devoted to the horses, and \$8,483 to the cattle, exclusive in each case of gold and silver medals, cups, etc.

J. Pierpont Morgan will probably send a collection of his famous col-

lies to be exhibited. They will not compete for prizes, but will simply be on view.

Thought it Was a Secret.

Judge O. M. Spencer, a St. Joseph (Mo.) lawyer, tells this one on himself: A local dealer in horseflesh sold a good-looking steed to a customer, who, on the second day after the sale, brought him back and angrily demanded the restoration of his money on the ground that the animal was blind.

"You had the meanness," said the irate man to the dealer, "to sell me a horse as blind as a bat, and never said a word about it."

"What you say is true, and I can't deny it," responded the other, "but I bought him from Spencer only last week, and as he failed to say anything about the horse being blind I supposed it was a secret."—Pittsburg Press.

Canada's Mineral Wealth.

To the majority of those who visit the Canadian Pavilion at the Milan Exhibition, the revelation of the vast mineral wealth of this daughter of England comes as a surprise. Not only is it the greatest corn-producing country in the world, but its earth is rich in silver, gold, copper, aluminum, lead and other minerals.—"Il Secolo," Milan.

Contingent.

"Oh!" exclaimed the minister, "fishing on the Sabbath! What will your father say?"

"Can't tell yet," replied the bad boy. "If I don't catch nothin' I'll catch it; if I do, I won't!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

No Pity for the House Fly.

Don't you hesitate about killing the house fly, because the latter gent is just as skillful a disseminator of disease as our humming friend the mosquito.—Guelph Mercury.

"Cravenette" is a special patented process by which cloth is rendered rainproof.

The Cravenette trademark goes only on cloth treated by the "Cravenette" process. See that every yard of cloth you buy for a Rain Coat bears the "Cravenette" trademark.



AUGUST SALE OF FURS

For the next two weeks we allow a discount of 25 per cent. off regular prices, with this addition--that Furs bought now will be stored free of charge until required.

We do this in order to turn part of our unusually heavy stock into quick money. We do it at a time when it will least interfere with regular business. This Special Offer of

25 PER CENT. OFF REGULAR PRICES



is for immediate acceptance. Can't afford to keep it open very long. You must buy now to get the advantage of these reductions:

Persian Lamb Coats at	\$120.00,	regular price	\$160.00
Grey Squirrel Ties at	\$11.25,	regular price	\$15.00
Grey Squirrel Muffs at	\$9.00,	regular price	\$12.00
New Lynx Stoles at	\$20.63,	regular price	\$27.50
New Lynx Muffs at	\$16.87,	regular price	\$22.50
New Mink Stoles at	\$41.25,	regular price	\$55.00
New mink Stoles at	\$33.75,	regular price	\$45.00
New Ermine Ties at	\$25.26,	regular price	\$33.75
New Ermine Muffs at	\$36.57,	regular price	\$48.75

We limit the sale to two weeks---the special discount to be withdrawn on Saturday, August 25th. Nothing wrong with the furs in any way---nothing old or in any sense inferior.

Forty years' experience buying and selling High-Grade Furs.

DINEEN'S

YONGE AND TEMPERANCE STS. - TORONTO

Headquarters for the best of everything in Furs.



Dressing Bags

Julian Sale Bags are noted for the attractiveness of the shapes which always carry an air of distinction with them.

Our Dressing Bags contain only such articles that are really needed.

Special Bags made to order.

\$15.00 to \$75.00

Catalogues of Dressing Bags and Travelling Goods of all kinds sent free.

Julian Sale
Leather Goods Co. Limited
105 KING ST. WEST

Fall Modes in Furs and Millinery

We have just put into stock some of the smartest novelties in furs for the coming season, and are also prepared to show advanced styles in felt and tailored hats suitable for early autumn wear.

THE LOUVRE
109 King St. West.

Manufacturers' Sale of High Grade PIANOS at Factory Prices.

R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO., Limited, are giving the people of Toronto the opportunity of a lifetime. They have made arrangements with the Manufacturers they represent, to offer the goods at "factory prices" for Ten days only and the sale is now on.

They are offering such well-known makes as the **WEBER, NEW SCALE WILLIAMS, R. S. WILLIAMS, KRYDNER** and many others, also the **Simplex** and **Playola** interior Piano Players.

LOOK AT THE PRICES

New Pianos as Low as	\$137
Used " " "	87
Piano Players " " "	65

all are guaranteed and sold on very

Easy Payments

REMEMBER, this great sale is for Ten days only. The store is open evenings and the place is

THE WILLIAMS & SONS CO. LIMITED
143 Yonge St., TORONTO, CAN.

Social and Personal

Miss Wreyford is spending a fortnight at the Caledon Club, as the guest of Mrs. Lloyd Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Taylor are spending a few weeks at Narragansett Pier, R.I.

Mrs. I. J. Russell and little daughter Aileen of 11 Murray street are spending the month in Port Arthur.

Mrs. E. A. Bredin of Winnipeg is in town for a few weeks at her old home in Rose avenue.

Mr. Frederick Stoneburg has returned to New York after a brief holiday at his home, South Parkdale.

Mrs. Edna Sutherland of Winnipeg is in town, the guest of Mrs. Frank Converse Smith.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Gertrude Clairmont, third daughter of Mr. Joseph Clairmont, Gravenhurst, to Mr. L. Morin of Beauce, Quebec. The marriage will take place early in September.

On Tuesday, August 7, a quiet wedding was solemnized at New St. Andrew's Church, when Miss Edith Jessie, eldest daughter of Mr. David B. Elder, was married to Mr. Leason Whitby of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Eakin.

August is proving a very enjoyable month at the Penetanguishene, where every form of summer amusement is available. The nightly dances are well patronized, and the Sunday evening concerts have proved very attractive, while those who prefer outdoor recreation find the launches admirably adapted for picnic parties and moonlight sails. The fishing also is said to be excellent.

The Hiawatha Club are holding a bazaar on Saturday, August 11, in aid of that very worthy object, the "Children's Fresh Air Fund." The fête takes place in Oriole avenue. An orchestra will be in attendance, and afternoon tea will be served.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Lee, 75 Dowlings avenue, have gone to Stanley House, Muskoka, for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Miller of Toronto, and party, are spending the holidays at Lake Joseph, Muskoka. Those in the party are: Miss Minnie Henderson, Miss Ella Stewart, Misses Alice and Hannah Baily, Miss Carrie Livingston and Mr. Tom Miller.

To secure the most perfect result you should consult W. D. McVey, the photographer, about the costume you should wear; the style in which you should dress your hair, etc. Studio open until nine o'clock every evening for consultation. Mr. McVey will be behind the camera himself. Studio, 514 Queen street west. Phone Main 6397.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

Births.

HARGRAVE—Toronto, August 7, Mrs. Joseph E. Hargrave, a son, still born.
STRATHY—Toronto, August 7, to Mrs. Gerard P. Strathy, a son.
McCONKEY—Toronto, August 8, to Mrs. D. M. McConkey, a daughter.
BOYCE—Sault Ste Marie, August 6, Mrs. A. C. Boyce, a daughter.
STANFORD—Toronto, August 8, Mrs. J. Hunt Stanford, a son.
BLACKWELL—Toronto, July 31, Mrs. Charles S. Blackwell, a son.
HARDY—Sheridan, July 30, Mrs. John Alton Hardy, a son.

Marriages.

IRELAND—HOSKINS—Toronto, August 1, William Duffus Ireland of Dundas, Scotland, to Jessie, daughter of the late William Hoskins.
BALLARD—WINGATE—Toronto, Mrs. Georgina Elizabeth (Turquand) Wingate to Rev. J. Maclean Ballard.
LAMONT—BROWN—Tottenham, August 1, Ethel Louise Brown to John J. Lamont.
SINCLAIR—CHALK—Toronto, July 25, Ethel Maud Chalk to Duncan Ferguson Sinclair.



Maison

Jules & Charles

are the only manufacturers in Canada of the

Transformation With a Future

For motoring, yachting or at the seaside they are a lady's greatest comfort.

MARCEL WAVING

Executed by six Expert Paris Artists.

Professors Jules & Charles daily in personal attendance.

Finest Shampooing Parlors in Toronto.

431 Yonge St., Toronto.

Phone M. 2498.

United Empire Bank of Canada

HEAD OFFICE
CORNER OF YONGE AND FRONT STREETS
TORONTO

CONSERVATIVE INVESTORS will find a safe, sound paying proposition in this new Canadian Bank stock (issued at par). Allotment will be made to early applicants.

WRITE AT ONCE.

GEORGE P. REID,
GENERAL MANAGER.

As to Tastes of Cigars

DID tastes not differ, the advisability of making all cigars under one roof or under one management would even then be open to serious criticism.

The dealer in, and consumer of cigars both have idiosyncrasies that can not all be catered to from one manufacturer. Consumers want a field as broad and to consist of as many individual ideas as nature herself possesses in growing different species of tobaccos to gratify one's humor and tastes.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF CIGARS

is therefore essential to satisfy the most fastidious. The following brands are especially recommended:

BOCK Y CA (Golden Eagle) LA FLOR DE MURIAS
SANTA DAMIANA LA FLOR DE HENRY CLAY
CABANAS LA INTIMIDAD
LA CAROLINA MANUEL GARCIA
LA CORONA LA MERIDIANA (Pedro Murias)
LA ESPANOLA DE VILLAR Y VILLAR

G. W. MULLER

9 King Street West

Imports more Cigars than all other dealers combined

Best Confectioners From Halifax, N.S. to Victoria, B.C.

SELL

CHOCOLATES

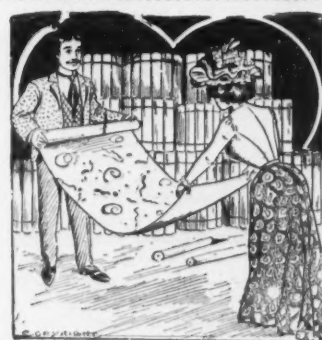
Delicious Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts, in full weight 1/2, 1, 2, 3 and 5 pound boxes. 35 Years Experience.

22 GANONG BROS. Limited, St. Stephen, N.B.

TINNING—CAMPBELL—Barrie, August 1, Caroline Georgina Campbell to George Richard Tinning.
TUCKEY—CUMMINGS—Toronto, August 8, Flora B. Cummings to Rev. G. H. Tuckey.

Deaths.

TASSIE—Dundas, August 1, Major W. T. Tassie.
STREET—Dundas, N.Y., August 1, Hon. William Purvis Rochford Street, Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature for Ontario, aged 65.
SUTHERLAND—Toronto, August 8, May Tuck, wife of John T. Sutherland, 51 Major street.
McGREGOR—Caledonia, August 7, Hugh McGregor, aged 20.



Wall Papers

We have just received large shipments of new Wall Papers for the fall trade. Every style is represented by something new and beautiful. There is a fine assortment of charming patterns in Floral, Chintz, Tapestry and Silk Brocade effects. There is a charm about prices too. They are very reasonable.

We do decorating in all its branches and will be pleased to submit estimates for any work you contemplate doing.

W. H. STONE & CO.
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
Carlton 32 Street Phone N. 8756

J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)
The Leading Undertaker
359 Yonge St. Phone M. 679

Established 1869.
DANIEL STONE
The Leading Undertaker
Phone M. 931. 385 Yonge St.

The W. J. Bolus Co., LIMITED
245 Yonge St., Toronto

A REFINED AMERICAN LADY of experience and ability who has occupied a position as companion or housekeeper in this city for six years, desires a similar position of trust. Apply Box Z.

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THE Toronto Conservatory of Music are invading new fields of activity. One of their undertakings the coming season will be the foundation of a symphony orchestra, with Mr. Frank Welsman, the well-known piano virtuoso, as conductor. Mr. Welsman is an accomplished all-around musician, and, as in his early career he studied the violin, and was for a time a soloist on that instrument, he should be well fitted for the direction of an orchestra. The Conservatory will add to their regular branches an opera school, under the direction of Mr. R. S. Pigott, who has had valuable stage experience, as well as an opera training; and a school of dramatic art, under the direction of Mr. Douglas Patterson, dramatic critic of the "News" and formerly a member of the Henry Miller Theatrical Company.

The late Canon Ainger's name is associated with rather a good story. It is that of a lady who visited Kensington Parish Church, in the choir of which was Sir Richard Webster, now Lord Alverstone and Lord Chief Justice of England. The lady was very anxious to have Sir Richard Webster pointed out to her, and rather bothered the verger in reference to the matter. At last the verger thought it time to protest. "Well, ma'am," he said, with some emphasis, "that's the vicar, and them's the curates, and I'm the verger; but as for the choir—well, as long as they do their dooty, we don't inquire into their antecedents."—The Daily Telegraph.

It is said that Goldmark has recently completed a lyric-drama founded on the "Tempest" and called "Caliban." Humperdinck, too, is actively engaged at the present moment in writing an opera based on the "Merchant of Venice."

Dr. Coward has succeeded in arranging for a visit of the Sheffield Choir to several German cities, starting with Düsseldorf. The municipalities of the towns in question—five in number up to the present—have each guaranteed £250.

Critic (to pianist)—My dear Pounder, you ought to play only for an audience of Beethovens.
Pounder (effusively)—Ah, I thank you; such appreciation—
"Oh, don't mention it; you've heard, I suppose, that Beethoven was deaf."

"The old-fashioned idea of serenading has gone completely out of date," said the romantic youth.
"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "a girl doesn't care to hear a guitar now. But an automobile horn will cause her to take notice."—Washington "Star."

The Philharmonic Society of London, England, although a veteran institution has evidently not arrived at decrepitude. At its closing concert recently a programme was given which, excepting two pianoforte solos, was made up of modern works. Of these, two were new British works. Probably that which attracted the most attention was Coleridge Taylor's "Symphonic Variations on a Negro Air." Mr. Coleridge Taylor is favorably known in Toronto by reason of the production here of his "Hiawatha" settings. The subject of the variations is a negro tune, which the composer says that although well known in America as "I'm Troubled in Mind" is a genuine negro air, and so closely resembles an existing African song that the charge of white influence can scarcely be made. We are told that the melody possesses that combination of pathos and quaintness characteristic of real "Dankie" tunes. The composer first announces it softly by the trombones, and, after repeating it, straightway begins his series of variations. These are not written in the old form of distinct sections in which the tune is persistently "worried" until recognition becomes difficult. Mr. Taylor makes "I'm Troubled in Mind" the basis of music expressing various phases of emotion, each section leading into the next. The most effective portion is one of martial character, which is succeeded in fine contrast by a meditative andante, perhaps the most expressive and certainly the most charming portion of the composition. After this there is a superabundance of notes, and the work would profit by compression, and a passing over to the finale in which the melody is given out with imposing force by the brass, the other instruments contributing to the general expression of exuberance. The orchestration is not only brilliant, but enforces the characteristics of the tune.

The second English work was a setting for baritone and orchestra, by Joseph Holbrooke, of Edgar Allan Poe's charming poem, "Annabel Lee," expressing in pathetic simplicity an undying love for one who "was borne away by the angels." The story is told in the first person, by one who lives in the sweet memories of the past rather than in the realities of the present, and it is this half-dreamy characteristic that, it is stated, the composer has endeavored to suggest. The orchestral score is

for the unusual combination of strings without flutes, trumpet and trombones, including cor anglais, bass, clarinet and double bassoon. The London critics praise the music, and pronounce the setting sympathetic and appropriate.

Mr. David Ross, the well-known singing master and concert vocalist, leaves Toronto in a few weeks for Milan, where he will put in a course of study in Italian opera and Italian repertory. Mr. Ross will be away perhaps for a year, and in the meantime Toronto loses one of her most accomplished and conscientious singers, and the solo quartette of the Metropolitan Church one of its members.

The new calendar and syllabus of the Toronto Conservatory of Music for 1906-07, prepared presumably by Mr. Bohme, the secretary, is a booklet of which the institution may be proud. It is handsomely printed, and illustrated, and contains complete information for musical students as to the various courses and classes of the Conservatory, with instructions to those intending to prepare for the degree of Bachelor of Music, details of the curriculum, fees and everything that either new or old pupils may require to know. It is the result of a large amount of industry in compilation. There is no doubt that there will be a good demand for the publication, which may be obtained from the secretary.

Karl Goldmark has completed two acts of his new opera, "The Winter's Tale," but being a slow worker, he does not expect to have the score ready for performance before the autumn of next year. To a representative of the Vienna "Fremdenblatt," who visited him at Abazia the other day, he said that the opera would contain two independent orchestral numbers, serving as contrasting introductions to the first two acts. He expects to complete the sketch of Act III. this summer and then to take up the work of orchestration, which will require much time, and of preparing a vocal score. Although Goldmark is seventy-six years old, he says he thoroughly enjoys the labor of composing. He is much pleased with Willmer's adaptation of the play for musical purposes. "The first act, at the royal court, is," he said, "one of the most successful things I have done, from the dramatic point of view. I fancy I have, in particular, succeeded in portraying the noble passion of Hermione; into the great score in which she exults herself I have placed all the warmth at my command. The second act contrasts strongly with the first, being full of gaiety and humor."

The second July number of "Die Musik" is devoted to Schumann. It includes, with other good things, some heretofore unprinted aphorisms, among them: "There were at all epochs bad composers and fools to praise them." "If you are asked to play, do so at once or refuse firmly." "You must love more than one composer. There have been many." In a letter to the critic Richard Pohl, he says, regarding his own critical activity: "As long as I wrote for the public, I considered it my sacred duty to weigh every word I put down with scrupulous care. As a reward, I now have the satisfaction of being able to reprint, in the new edition of my works, almost everything just as it stood originally. I am older than you; my many years of activity have given me the power to gaze deeper, and more clearly into the secrets. . . . Jean Paul, with his emotional nature, understood music better than Kant did with his acute intellect."

The late Manuel Garcia once had among his pupils a girl whom he had forbidden to use a high register. One morning she came to his studio and said cheerfully, "Good morning, master!" But the master at once began to reproach her for not obeying his orders. "But how do you know I sang soprano?" asked the girl, much surprised. "Your voice told me as soon as you spoke the first word,"

was his answer; "and," he added, "if you continue that way, nothing will be left of your beautiful voice in ten years. I want you to study another year before you appear in public." The girl was much admired and she could not resist the temptation to accept a good offer from a manager. Garcia was very angry, and refused to give her any more lessons. "Do what you can with what you have learned from me," were his parting words, "but do not base your future on singing." He knew what he was talking about. Ten years later his former pupil's beautiful voice was a wreck.

CHERUBINO.

The newest form of entertainment which has taken the popular fancy is illustrated songs—pictures presented to the eye by beautifully colored lantern-slides, and to the ear by a singer and accompanist. Potter's, 85 Yonge street, have extended their Lantern Department to cover this up-to-date feature, and are open for engagements for lawn and garden-parties, church and society socials, drawing-room entertainments, etc. Complete apparatus furnished—with or without singer and accompanist. Full stock of the best and most popular illustrated songs.

Should Married Men Be Allowed to Play Golf?

(Extracts from a Golfer's Diary)

July 21.—Played Robinson, who would never win a match if it wasn't for his wife. Think that I shall start a links for bachelors only. (Mem.—Suggest to the committee that no married man is allowed to play golf in the mornings or afternoons.)
Hole I. I played perfectly, holing beautiful long putt. Robinson hopeless. One up.

Hole II. R. bunkered. Entirely his own fault. Two up.
Hole III. Holed my approach, allowing for both wind and slope of green; really a grand shot. Caught sight of Mrs. R. as I walked to the next tee. Three up.

Hole IV. Thought that I might have to speak to Mrs. R. at any minute. Missed my drive in consequence. Disgusting! Two up.
Hole V. R. seemed to be looking for his wife instead of attending to what I was saying. My drive lay on a buttercup, and who the deuce can be expected to play off buttercups? One up.

Hole VI. Stymied R. quite perfectly. He pretended to think that we were not playing stymies. We were. Two up.

Hole VII. Saw Mrs. R. looking aimlessly out to sea. These loafing ladies are enough to put any man off his game. Why can't they go something? One up.

Hole VIII. R. may say what he likes, but he waded to his wife. I was also annoyed by his stockings, which I should think Mrs. R. knitted. The sort of useless thing she would do. All square.

Hole IX. Got well away from Mrs. R., and though my caddies coughed as I was approaching I laid my ball dead. Beautiful shot. One up at the turn.

Hole X. Had the hole in my pocket when R. laid his approach dead. Ridiculous luck. All square.

Hole XI. Just as I was driving I saw Mrs. R. still looking at the sea. I complained, but R. took no notice. At any rate she cost me the hole. One down.

Hole XII. Vardon couldn't have played better than I did, and even R. had to say, "Good shot!" twice. All square.

Hole XIII. As I was putting I had a feeling in my back that Mrs. R. had arrived at last. Missed my putt and only halved the hole.

Hole XIV. Couldn't see Mrs. R. anywhere. Wondered where on earth she had got to, or whether she was drowned. Of course I lost the hole. One down.

Hole XV. A little dispute, as R. claimed that his ball—which was under a wheelbarrow—was on ground under repair. Absolutely foolish, and I told him so. All square.

Hole XVI. Made a perfect drive, approach and putt. Looked everywhere for Mrs. R. and couldn't see her. One up.

Hole XVII. Completely put off by wondering when I should see Mrs. R. Most unfair. Told my caddy

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I should report him to the committee. All square.
Hole XVIII. Saw Mrs. R. on a hill half a mile away. Got on my nerves. R. said, "Halloa, there's my wife! I thought she wasn't coming out this morning." Lost the hole and the match, and told the secretary that R.'s handicap ought to be reduced.—"Punch."

The Only Way.

Perkins had been appointed tutor to the young lord of the manor and together they were making the grand tour. Perkins was congratulating himself on the excellent behaviour of his pupil, but, alas! they had only reached Geneva when his charge fell deeply in love with a pretty Swiss peasant. In vain did he remonstrate with the young lord, pointing out the social barrier that existed between the lovers, and the total impossibility of marriage. But all to no purpose. The beautiful Swiss maiden held the young lord's heart captive, and he would scarcely leave her side. Distracted, Perkins wrote home to the marchioness asking her advice, and pointing out her son's infatuation. A day or two passed in agonizing suspense.

At last the answer came. Perkins breathed a sigh of relief. All his anxiety would now be over. He tore open the envelope, but as he read the letter he groaned in the anguish of his soul. It consisted of three words: "Marry her yourself!"

A Substitute.

Little Helen, aged four, was in a frightful predicament. The nurse, carrying the cherished two-weeks-old baby up and down before the house, had paused to show the new infant to the bishop, who had asked to look at it. And then the tall, grave bishop, of whom Helen stood greatly in awe, had unexpectedly asked the little girl to give him the baby.

How in the world to refuse a request made by such an awe-inspiring person as the bishop the child did not know. But presently she wrinkled her small countenance shrewdly, moved closer to the petitioner and said, ingratiatingly, "I'll let you have the next."—Harper's "Weekly."

NEW BROOCHES AND BRACELETS

PENDANT brooches are a pleasing variation on the usual styles, some being extremely ornate with pendants varying in size. In a design recently seen the brooch of somewhat triangular form displayed a fine green tourmaline, elaborately framed in diamond work, with square pendant hanging cornerwise from the brooch itself. The pendant, being slightly smaller than the brooch, was composed of a similar green stone set about with diamond work. One is perforce obliged to notice again the insistent bracelet, which still proclaims itself a favorite of Dame Fashion; whether in styles extravagantly simple it matters not. In a recent display of the ever popular gold band bracelets and bangles, styles ranged from the slightest plain half round models through the twisted ropes, the chains, the perforated half-inch bands, the heavy half-round and inch wide bands in gold filigree—plain or set with stones, or perhaps set with a tiny watch. A pretty bracelet for a child shows squares of pink tourmalines framed in fine gold filigree, connected at top and bottom with a short row of round pearls.

A gold hunting-horn winding once around an opal ball, is a peculiar and original design in scarf pins.

A necklace of uncut stones is said to be one of the latest ideas. A fancy ring top shows an open design outlined in diamond scroll work, and enclosing a fine round pearl.

An otherwise plain gold basket for sweets has an ornamental top handle embellishing the pretty trinket.

Diamond tiaras and diamond-topped back combs are sometimes pointed with clusters alone or in alternation with the single diamond points.

The little foxes that gnaw the vines form an appropriate ornament for the handle of gold or silver grape shears simulating the twisted vine.

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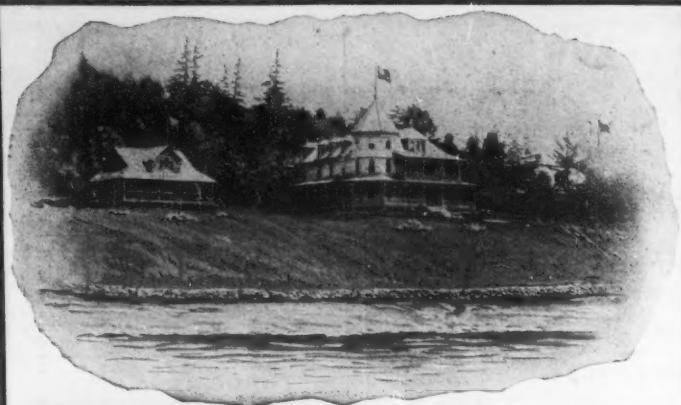
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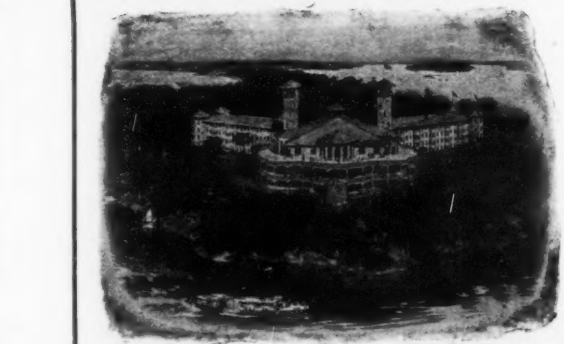
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OVER LONDON BRIDGE



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The attraction possessed by London Bridge over all other London bridges is that there, on the left hand side, starting from the city, a man can lean his elbows on the parapet and look at a scene of hard work on the vessels below, thus obtaining all the satisfaction of labor without its attendant inconvenience. I have observed men turn away after an hour's hard survey of the busy scene below—with its continuous line of porters, their cumbersome knots worn on their head with as much unanimity as women wear a popular shape in bonnets from Conduit street, and upon the knots bursting cases of oranges—and say to each other, "Well, Bill, old man, that cargo's cleared out, and chance it," strolling off Boro'-wards with the slightly exhausted air of men who have completed a hard day's work. Also in the summer months at this point may be seen the unshipment by groaning, complaining cranes of enormous blocks of ice for consumption by the heated giant London, and, better still, the departure of pleasure steamers. Here, again, one can act by deputy. Next to taking the voyage to Clacton or to Rams-gate on a bright, sunny morning, what can be better than to see the voyagers off, and wave to them an adieu? I declare that the farewells at the Royal Albert Dock are not more important, the good-byes at Southampton not more tearful.

"Goo-bye, mother. Don't forget to eat your sandwiches."

"Mind you 'old the baby right side up. If he cries, give him a good shake."

"Enjoy yourself, Anthur, ole man. It's your one chance of the year, and you've got the week to do it in. Don't go losin' your 'at, or else you'll look foolish."

"Mind you write, Mabel, and tell us how ill you've been, and be sure to bring back some sea-weed. Oh! and I say, about that hat you're goin' to trim for me. How'd it be if, instead of—"

"Be sure to ask the captain, dear, not to have no accident on the voyage. He's got a very kind face, and I am sure if you was to ask him nicely—"

"Now you're off! Now she's movin'! Now you'll soon begin to rock about. I say! I say!" A sudden remembrance of an injunction till now forgotten and of the highest value. "Don't go and get drowned, mind, or else mother'll be cross with you."

An added joy to the parapet loafer comes with the stately raising of the bascules of the Tower Bridge. (For the matter of that, I know few men and no women who, crossing London Bridge, can see this without stopping to watch it carefully to the end.) With the slight mist that sometimes hangs over the Pool, this has all the effect of a spectacular performance; the ring of the distant bell, the stopping of traffic on either side, the slow opening of the two halves of the bridge, the passing through of some half-masted vessel with a slight inclination, as who should say, "So much obliged to you," the careful descent and reclosing of the two halves of the bridge, the release and the resumption of carriage traffic. Office boys in the city excuse their late arrival on the grounds that they stopped to watch the Tower Bridge, and stolid chief clerks, with a knowledge of their own weaknesses, say gently:

"Perhaps, in future, you had better come over Southwark."

Tower Bridge is on friendly terms with London Bridge because it was born at a time when the elder had found its task to be almost beyond bearing. Now it relieves its neighbor of much of the heavy Wapping to Rotherhithe traffic, and London Bridge has more room for its wayfarers, and the temper of drivers has softened. Thus it is possible at the present time to start from the City side in early morning to go to Southwark and to reach Southwark in a few minutes; whereas in the old pre-Tower Bridge days there were painful invented stories of mild men starting with this intent and being met by the swift, determined stream of silk-hatted City men, of trying to breast the stream and being borne back City-wards, and essaying the journey south again under the protection of a detachment of fish barrows from Billingsgate, but of being again caught and swept back to King Williams' Statue, and eventually having to wait

until nightfall ere they could ford the river in comparative peace. The City man, in a hurry to make his fortune, is an impetuous fellow, and, armed with his little brown bag and an umbrella, he is no enemy to be considered lightly. The indignant small boys may protest and say, "Now then aw'ard!" and old ladies may remark satirically, "Nice manners, I must say," but the City men march on, the Mansion House ever before them as their goal.

The recesses of the Bridge, where timid people may step aside to take breath from their contest with the traffic, and where others seat themselves on the stone ottoman to enjoy an open-air meal, are the only survivals of the dwelling-houses which, in the days that are gone, bordered the side. Essays are made sometimes by tired-out wasters to convert these resting-places into apartments for sleep, but the City police frown at this and check it sharply. In these retreats one can look around and down. The masts of ships stand about the river like a half-cleared hop-garden in September; the wharves down to the quay of the Customs House are busy on every floor. Behind them the gilded top of the Monument shines and glistens in the sun; a few black flies move in the cage of ironwork near to the summit. The flies are country men and women; no Londoner ever has the courage or the spare energy to climb its many steps. The flies come down after they have had what they consider to be their money's worth in fresh, swift air and view, and having resumed their normal size, congratulate themselves on crossing the Bridge.

"Aye, it's a grand thing to be able to say as you've climbed it."

"I'd sooner say I've climbed it," remarks the tired wife, with some bitterness, "than say I've got to go climbin' it again."

Small watercrafts creep along close to the parapet and insinuate a quiet stream of water, which trickles away across the stone pavement to the gutter and baulks the intentions of dust. The Bridge is cared for by a number of other attendants, who are ever giving it a wash and brush up, ever removing distracted pieces of contents bills and advertisement slips which fly about on its surface, ever begging its pardon and setting it to rights solicitously. Its clusters of lamps, with their whitened backs, are cleaned; every corner in the recesses is brushed out; everything is carted away carefully, and by the time this has been done the first end of the Bridge,

like a tiresome and mischievous child, is requiring attention again.

The Bridge prepares for a descent on its Southwark side, and loaded vans, bulging with fruit and vegetables for Borough Market, have to skid their wheels for safety. Here, too, the wayfarer has need of caution. Bear to the left, past the old lady in a shawl, who, seated comfortably at her tray of collar-studs and button-hooks, has the complacent air of saying, "Show me the shop window that looks like that!"—past the mulatto, who is selling matches, the shoe-blacks, the flower-girls with their baskets of "violets, sweet violets"—go past all these, I say, and you find yourself before you have time to think in Dockhead, in Rotherhithe, in Permdonsey Wall. Return, and take the middle course, and you run plump into the arms of two railway stations, where you have to take a ticket to Folkestone or to Brighton, to avoid the appearance of confusion. Swerve, in leaving the Bridge, to the right, and you are down the hill past St. Saviour's Church and into the bustle and turmoil, and stress and tumult of High Street, Borough, where the honest country smell of hops fights stolidly with alert London scents that come from the by-roads, and farmers meet with the jolliest faces to brag to each other of how very badly they are doing.

"Hops, my dear sir? Why, bless your soul, I've got no hops to speak of. How did your fruit turn out?"

"Fruit," says the other farmer, with a puzzled air. "Fruit? Bless my heart! I only grew a sieve or two. What price did your corn fetch?"

"Corn!" echoes the first farmer, with great astonishment. "Corn? You mean—oh, I know what you mean. Why, I ain't grown none worth speakin' of. Another year like this" (here he laughs outright), "and, as I tell the wife, we shall have to apply for outdoor relief. I brought her and the girls up with me this

morning. They have gone to the West End to buy some frocks and bonnets and goodness knows what else. How's your missis?"

"Middin' to well," replies the other cheerfully. "She'll be upset, though when she sees your wife at church next Sunday. Means twenty pound out of my pocket. Got any pigs?"

"Pigs?" repeats the first farmer, resuming quickly his attitude of agricultural distress. "I never have no luck wi' pigs. How's that young foal of yourn gettin' on?"

"Don't ask me! Come and have a bit o' lunch at the Bridge House, and I'll tell ye all I have to put up with."

London Bridge takes a veil in the evening rather earlier than do the neighboring thoroughfares, this being set up by the river below. Then its lamps are lighted, and down river spears itself with red and white lights, whilst up river the railway bridge takes its ornaments of green and danger signals. Advertisements flash disturbingly; the stress of traffic becomes for a while more insistent. The Bridge at no hour sleeps, but after midnight it dozes—dozes to be awakened, perhaps, by a fire-engine dashing and spluttering across to a Shore-ditch outbreak, followed by a regiment of people hastily recruited from nowhere; dozes until the market vans begin to rumble and the dawn comes; dozes until the world requires it to be wakeful. Wherein, indeed, is London Bridge a pattern and example to us all.

Not Well Fixed.

"He isn't at all well fixed, is he?"

"Don't you believe it! You haven't seen him lately, have you?"

"No, but I know he doesn't make any more money now than when I saw him last year, and it was as much as he could do then to live within his income."

"Ah! But he's living beyond it now."—Philadelphia "Press."

Greek Meets Greek.

He—Oh, the scoundrel!

She—It serves you right; everyone told you when you went into business with him that he was the biggest thief in the country!

"Yes, I know, but I thought I—I—knew more than he did."—Translated from "Les Annales."

Wrong Party.

Mr. Makinbrakes (to chance acquaintance, whom he has met at a party)—If you have any influence with Mrs. Upjohn, I wish you would suggest to her that she announce dinner. I'm frightfully hungry.

Chance Acquaintance—Me! I haven't any influence with Mrs. Upjohn. I'm Mr. Upjohn.—"Tit-Bits."

Slow train, local time. Dispute between passenger and guard.

Guard—Well, sir, I've been on this train, boy and man, for thirty-five years.

Bitter Passenger—Good heavens, man, what station did you get in at?—"Smiles."

Remarkable Case of Precocity.

Mrs. Leslie Carter admits in her marriage certificate that she is thirty years of age. Her twenty-six-year-old son was married yesterday. We had no idea that the responsibilities of motherhood were assumed so early in the United States.—Toronto "Star."

"What a lovely collection of old cups!" exclaimed a guest, peering into the china cabinet. "Did it take you long to get so many?" "Oh, no," said the hostess, "those are samples of the sets we have had in the last two years!"—Detroit "Free Press."

LABATT'S SALE

Is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.

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as a good meal, properly served.

The reputation of the.....

St. Charles Dutch Grill

is rapidly spreading, and it is becoming known far and wide as

"The Proper Place to Dine."

A CORNER OF THE GRILL ROOM.

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Little Boy (who has already been threatened with punishment if he mutilates any more insects—in an imploring voice, to fly)—Get up! Get up! You know you're only pretending!

—Punch.

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Bridget and the Beauty Doctor

BY DONALD A. FRASER

WANCE upon a toime in Ould Oirland, the country in which the Oirish used to live before they raymored to New York, there lived a fine young gurl av the name av Bridget. Now this same Bridget would have been beautiful if it wuzn't fur her looks; an' her looks wuz awful! Her face wuz as full av wrinkles as a piece av crapp tishy-paper, an' looked fur all the wurld loike a Wist Injin Oisland after an earathquake. In betwene the cracks in her face wuz the freckliest lot av freckles you would iver want to see; an' to put a top-knot on her misfortunes, she had the ugliest wart you iver saw, the soize av a tin cint piece, on the ind av her nose.

Poor Bridget was very much cut up wid the cracks in her face, an' she complained av feelin' dotty when she thought av her freckles; as fur the wart, it filled half the landscape whinver she took a look out av her eyes.

She troied all the washes an' loshuns, an' cold creams, an' hot creams in all the drug shiores in Ould Oirland, an' she subscribed to all the Sunday paypers an' took all the beautifiers recommended in the answers to correspondents on the "Ladies' Page," till she had spent in this manner an immense sum av money, nearly four dollars and ninety cents. But still her face did not get anny better, but much worse.

At that toime there lived in Ould Oirland three Beauty Docthors. But wuz an Englishman, wuz a Scotchman, an' the other wuz an Oirishman; so Bridget, bein' driven to her last extremity, made up her mind to consult thim, an' bein' a woman, she naturally thought the furmiers would know more'n the Oirishman; she went to the English docthor first.

After examinin' her he sez, sez he: "Well, I'll cure ye av the earthquakes," sez he, "an' thim I'll thry the sun-spots," sez he.

"Olive oil is good fur wrinkles," sez he.

So he set to worruk wid olive oil, an' he lathered an' plastered her wid olive oil, an' he rolled her in olive oil, an' she washed in olive oil an' she ate olive oil, and she dhrank olive oil, an' in six months her face wuz as smooth an' plump as a rubber balloon on the Fourth of July.

Then he sthrted on the freckles; but not wan av the freckles could he budge. Then he took a whack at the wart, but, bad cess to it, the wart only grew bigger an' bigger till it grew all down the northaist soide av her nose. Poor Bridget began to get frightened and thought it wuz toime to shotp the tratment, or she might become all wart; so she axed the English docthor for his bill, an' he bein' English, charged her a good deal av money, more'n six dollars and thirty cents.

Bridget stayed at home for a short toime, but she again began to worry about her freckles an' her wart; so she up an' went to the Scotch beauty docthor, an' he sez, sez he:

"Well, I'll fix the sun-spots," sez he, "an' thim Oi'll have a whack at the volcayno," sez he. "Buttermilk is good fur freckles," sez he.

So he lathered her an' plastered

her wid buttermilk, an' he rolled her in buttermilk, an' she ate buttermilk, an' she dhrank buttermilk, an' in six months her skin wuz as white an' spotless as a baby's.

Thim he set to worruk on the wart, but devil a bit about warrts did he know, fur the more he troied the more the wart grew, till it grew all down the northaist soide av her nose till Bridget got frightened again, an' thought it was toime to shotp the tratment; so she axed for her bill, an' the Scotch docthor, bein' Scotch, charged her an immense sum av money, more'n eight dollars an' forty cents.

Bridget stayed at home for a little while, till the soize av her wart dhrave her to consult the Oirish beauty docthor.

Now the Oirish docthor knew all about warrts, an' he sez, sez he:

"Ye must go to the brook at twelve o'clock at noight," sez he, "an' pick up a smooth whoite shtone," sez he, "an' rub it all over the wart," sez he. "An' thim ye must toie it up neatly in a piece av payper," sez he, "an' lave it on the soidewalk, an' whin somebody picks it up," sez he, "your wart will disappear, an' the folks as picks up the shtone will get it," sez he.

Bridget did whatever she wuz told, an' shure enough the wart went away; fur, would ye believe it! the English docthor an' the Scotch docthor, walkin' down the strate wan day, saw the payper parcel lyin' on the soidewalk, an' they both made a grab at it. The Scotch docthor got it first. Thim the English docthor snatched it away from him. But whin they saw it wuz only a shtone, they were ashayed av themselves. An' what wuz their horror whin they found their fingers gettin' covered thick wid big warrts. They did not know what to do; but it sarved thim right fur bein' so greedy.

When Bridget went to ax the Oirish docthor for his bill, he wuz so overcome wid her beauty that he said he wouldn't charge her a cint. An' he told her if she had come to him in the first place he could have cured her av her wrinkles an' freckles, too.

Thim the young lady wuz sorry she had not pathronized home industry.

By an' by the Oirish docthor fell in love wid Bridget, an' proposed to her, an' she accepted him, an' they wor married.

Now, the English docthor and the Scotch docthor, not knowin' how to cure warrts, had to come at last to the Oirish docthor to have him raymove the warrts from their fingers, an' he charged the English docthor a good deal av money, more'n six dollars an' thirty cents, an' he charged the Scotch docthor an immense sum of money, more'n eight dollars an' forty cents.

So Bridget got all her money back, an' bein' rid av the earthquakes an' the sunspots, an' wurrst av all, the volcayno, she an' her husband, the Oirish Beauty Docthor, lived happily iver after.

Now, if anybody can find a moral in this simple tale, they are quite welcome to kape the same widout anny extra charge.

Vancouver, B.C., July 1906.

Muskoka Glimpses

It is curious to notice how the insignificant affairs of home become suddenly interesting and piquant when one is away in the woods or on the lakes. The general store suddenly becomes a fashionable rendezvous, and the supply-boat an object of bi-weekly interest. The purchase of marshmallows or a box of hairpins is a far more entertaining matter than a morning's shopping in the city, and one cheerfully pays anything but bargain prices. For the cottager the supply-boat is a necessity, and for the hotel guest it affords a revival of country store memories. "It's bully to buy things on a boat," said a small boy who had worried his mother into buying him an unnecessary and hideous hat. There can be nothing more prosaic than modern shopping amid the stuffy air of the department store, and the noise and jostling of an army of bargain-hunters. But pottering about a small boat, which is grocery, butcher-shop, stationer's and confectioner's, all in one is an entirely different story, for the ventilation is all that can be desired, and the shoppers are a select company. An article that seems to have an immense sale this year is the picture post-card, which is adorned with a wide variety of subjects—Bala Falls, girls in a canoe, anglers with quite incredible strings of fish, bathing beaches and imposing hotels. The first thing done by the Small Person on his arrival at a Muskoka resort is to invest in a small package of post-cards, and to proceed to address them to the relatives he has left behind him. A souvenir of this nature was lately picked up, on which was the inscription: "Dear Daddie—This place is al rite. I do not have to bathe except in the laik."

A remarkable change has come over the Muskoka residence, which is becoming a more solid structure every year. Long ago a tent was the proper abode for July and August, and there are tales of the early Muskokans, who consider the electric light and hot and cold water of the large hotel, instances of effete luxury. They were quite happy about thirty years ago in a canvas tent, with mutton every day. There are certain moderns who cling to the tent, which now has a floor and partitions, and can hardly be overthrown save by such an exceptional wind as arose last summer and carried boats, trees and tents away on its wings. Pittsburg people, with a solidity worthy of the Iron City, are building most extensive "cottages," which might well be winter residences. In fact, Muskoka has come to be recognized as more than a transient playground, and people who have discovered its variety of attractions have decided to build for more than a season, and the new homes and hotels show the increasing appreciation of the charms of the North. Every year they are coming earlier and staying later, until the "season" now includes June and September, while some lucky mortals declare that October is the ideal month in the Muskoka country, and tell of crimson maples, frosty mornings and hazy afternoons until one believes that holidays should come in Autumn.

There used to be an impression that Muskoka is no place for walks, but the islands are being so improved that this will soon be a region to rejoice that kind of tourist who scorns the rowboat and fears the canoe, taking a delight in a tramp over moss-grown rocks and through woods fragrant with the breath of fir and pine. It takes just a few steps from tent, hotel or cottage to arrive in the unspoiled woods, dim and shadowy as they were when moosehoofed feet trod them in the uncivilized past. If one feels disinclined to have a strenuous summer in dinghy or on the links there always remains the lazy stroll down soft paths, where one catches a gleam of the lake through the trees. All the larger islands have winding ways in the woods, where every prospect pleases and only the mosquitoes are vile. However, the mosquitoes are finding the advancing settlers too many for them, and they are few and feeble in the land in comparison with the good old days when it was impossible to travel in comfort unless the face were plentifully oiled.

The moonlight of last week meant late hours for everyone who could secure any kind of boat, for even in the Ontario Highlands such scenes are not too common. Last Saturday night there was almost an unearthly splendor, as the full moon rose after a day of midsummer heat and turned Lake Rosseau into rippling fairy gold. Nothing was heard but the splash against the sides of the "Kemozha," for the people in the bow were too sensitive to the loveliness around them to spoil it with idle words. By islands and woods that looked like part of a dream the steamer passed, until the shadows of the Indian River were reached, and the lights of Port Carling twinkled cheerily, while a bonfire's rudeness made the pines seem all the darker. To say good-bye to Lake Rosseau on such a night was to carry away the memory of as fair a prospect as may be seen in the place of many waters.

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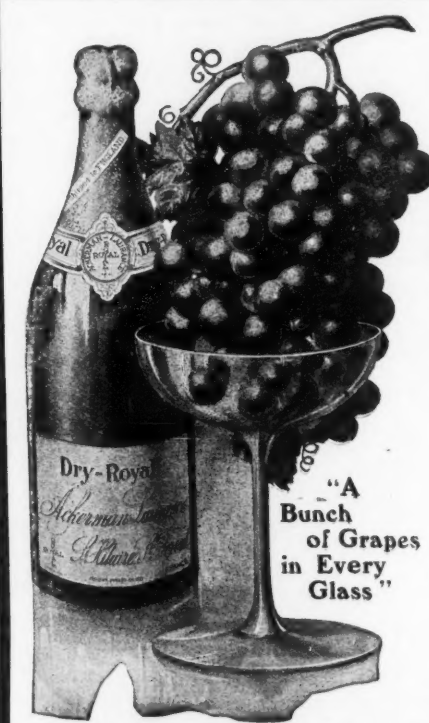
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This is only an idea of one of the cute models we have.

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will cost you just about one half of the so-called fashionable Wines and you will find it fully as good.

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To be had from MICHIE & CO., WM. MARA & CO, and other leading Wine and Spirit Merchants
J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL, ESTABLISHED 1857. SOLE CANADIAN AGENTS.

Northern Muskoka Lakes.

Editor "Saturday Night"—I noticed in your issue of 21st ult. an article under the heading "Northern Muskoka Lakes," which, while not depreciating the Northern Lakes, does not, I fear, give credit to the transportation companies, hotel-keepers, and others who are doing so much to make the Lake of Bays district what nature intended it should be, "a Tourists' Paradise."

In all fairness your correspondent might have stated that while the facilities for reaching the wharf from the G. T. R. Station were not of the best, some \$11,000, was being expended by the Grand Trunk Railway Co. at the time your correspondent was here, improving these facilities and the wharf in question, also that \$20,000, was being expended by the Navigation Co. on a Steamer that will be in operation in less than two weeks time, which will not look "little" beside those of other Navigation Companies, and which will be better equipped than 95 per cent. of the boats plying on the Inland Lakes; that the "rickety diminutive" Railroad, the friend of Dyspeptics, was constructed at an expense of \$25,000, to handle the traffic satisfactorily, between the Lakes of Bays, and Peninsular Lake, and this is the first criticism that we have heard, although many passengers have been transported across this railroad, who possibly were more competent to judge than your correspondent.

This portage was previously made by teams.

It is a well-known fact that the Navigation Company are spending thousands of dollars bettering their equipment, and are furnishing better service than the present volume of business demands, but their idea is to be ahead of the times.

While it may be true that the meals served at the hotels and the resorts were not of the "King Edward Hotel style," still the prices charged are in proportion, and no better meals are served in Canada at the price, while neatness and cleanliness predominate everywhere.

The people of the Northern Muskoka Lakes invite criticism that is warranted, but they feel that in all fairness your correspondent should have given the public both sides of the case, or at least all the facts, and we would appreciate if you will now do so in your valuable paper.

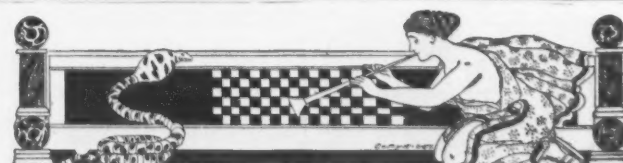
Yours truly, W. E. Duperow.

Old Furniture

Years spent in wandering and gathering amongst the Old Country mansions and farm-houses of England and the Continent have brought together a unique collection of genuine Sheraton, Chippendale and Old French Furniture, Sheffield Plate, Old Brasses, Bronzes, Cut Glass, Old Silver, etc.

B.M. & T. Jenkins
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There's a Charm in cleanliness. There is beauty in neatness. We keep you well supplied with both at a cost that is ridiculously small compared with the results obtained. Think, your personal appearance is everything to your business and social standing.

"My Valet" Fountain, The Tailor CLEANER AND REPAIRER OF CLOTHES.
130 Adelaide Street West.—Phone Main 5074.

The GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANO

Canada's Premier Piano and National Instrument

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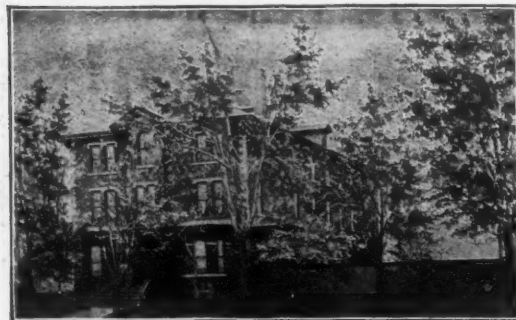
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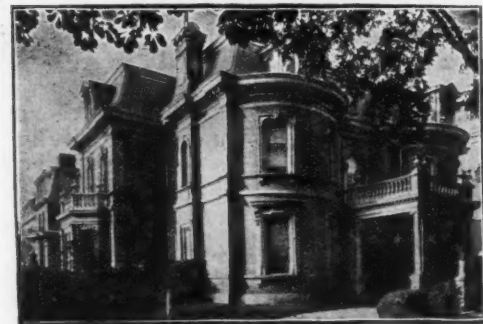
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RESIDENTIAL and DAY SCHOOL for GIRLS



THOROUGH in all its departments. Gives careful individual attention, and good physical, mental and moral training. Offers great advantages in music, art and languages. Native French and German teachers. Large staff of experienced residential and visiting professors and teachers. Pupils are prepared for the universities, and for the music and singing examinations of Toronto University, the Toronto Conservatory of Music and the Toronto College of Music. For prospectus and full information apply to

MISS VEALES,
Principal.



**Moulton
College**
TORONTO, ONT.

Academic Department of
McMaster University for
Girls.

Day and Residence
pupils.

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E. A. HARDY, B.A.,
Principal.

HAVERGAL COLLEGE TORONTO

Reopens September 18th,
1906.

Principal--Miss Knox.

First-class Honors University of Oxford, Cambridge University Diploma in Teaching. Assisted by three heads of departments: House—Miss Edgar, B.A., University of Toronto.

Junior House and School—Miss Wood, B.A., London, England.
Day School—Miss Jones, L.L.A., St. Andrews.
Pupils are prepared for Matriculation at the University of Toronto, for the Havergal Diploma and for the examinations in Music of the Conservatory and the Toronto College of Music, and in Art of "The Royal Drawing Society," London, England.

The College offers exceptional conversational advantages in French, under a resident French Mistress, assisted by six resident specialists in modern languages.

Particular attention is given to physical training by two graduates of the Boston Normal School of Physical Culture, who reside in the College and give individual care to the pupils. Instruction in swimming will be given in the new swimming bath.

Large grounds adjoin the College, and afford ample space for tennis, basketball, cricket, etc. in summer, and for hockey upon a full-sized rink in winter.

A new Junior School is now being erected. The Curriculum includes, among other subjects, elementary courses in Cookery, Wood Carving and Basket Weaving.

A Domestic Science School, with six Departments, is now being fitted up.

Copies of the Calendar, containing full information as to entrance, fees, etc., may be obtained on application to the Bursar.

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

& Ontario Conservatory
of Music and Art
WHITBY, Ont., Can.

"Traveller's Castle" beautiful grounds, helpful social and religious influences, and the best facilities for the study of literature, music, art, elocution, commercial and domestic science.

Large pipe organ, concert grand pianos and the most complete modern equipment in every department.

Will re-open September 10th.

Send for calendar to

REV. J. J. HARE, Ph. D.,
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PORT HOPE, ONT.

RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Founded 1865.

Boys are prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business Pursuits.

Special attention given to the younger boys. For Calendar and other information apply to the Headmaster.

REV. OSWALD RIGBY, M.A.,
(St. John's College, Cambridge),
LL.D., Queen's.



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26 not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

SHEA'S THEATRE

Matinee Daily 25 Week of Aug. 13 Evenings 25 and 50

James Neil & Edythe Chapman

Presenting "The Lady Across the Hall."

ETHEL MacDONOUGH,

The Girl Behind the Drum.

EDWIN LATELL,

The Mirthful Musician.

The Four Bards

America's Greatest Gymnasts.

COLUMBIA FOUR,

Dealers in Harmony and Fun.

THE KINETOGRAPH,

All New Pictures.

Special Extra Attraction,

KITAFURAS TROUPE

Japanese Acrobats.

Mr. Herbert E. Simpson returned

Friday from the American Photograph Convention, where he purchased the best photographic "scenic effects" and appliances that were exhibited there, for his new Studio, 108

Yonge street, which will be opened on Wednesday, August 15. Mr.

Simpson's Studio will be unique in its completeness for the production

of the photographic art.

WHEN YOU MARRY IN FRANCE.

TO have the marriage ceremony performed in France declarations and innumerable documents have to be drawn up and signed. Even an elderly fiancé of sixty has to gain the consent of the head of his family before he is able to appear at the Mairie of his neighborhood with his bride.

Here is a list of the documents which the two young people must produce before they marry. The young man:

1. His birth certificate.
2. The consent of his father.
3. The consent of his mother.
4. His military certificate.
5. A certificate of the banns, with the name of the place of publication.

6. The names of the places where his and her parents live.
The girl must bring (supposing she is an orphan):

1. Her birth certificate.
2. A death certificate of her father.
3. A death certificate of her mother.
4. A certificate of residence in Paris.
5. The consent of her grandmother.

Is it any wonder that a wholesale cause of immorality in France is a growing tendency of men and women to live together without the formality of the wedding ceremony, rather than go to the enormous trouble of collecting all the various documents which are now necessary to satisfy officialdom?

THE STANDARD CIGAR BRANDS OF HAVANA

MADE BY

The Independent Cigar Manufacturers

OF HAVANA, CUBA

Lord Nelson

H. Upmann

Punch

High Life

Benjamin Franklin

Romeo y Julieta

Por Larranaga

El Ecuador

Jose Otero

Partagas

Castaneda

Figaro

The above brands are made under the personal control and supervision of the oldest cigar manufacturers in Cuba, thus retaining for each its own individuality.
To be had at all the leading Cigar Stores throughout Canada.
Chas. Landau, P.O. Box 682 Montreal, Sole representative for Canada.



CRAVEN SMOKING MIXTURE

INVENTED BY THE 3RD EARL OF CRAVEN IN 1867.

Dr. J. M. Barrie says:—"What I call the 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the Craven Mixture and no other."

An Ideal Pipe Tobacco Manufactured in England.

THE PLACE TO BUY HAVANA CIGARS

For Havana Cigars of finest quality go to A. Clubb & Sons' new store, 5 King West. We receive weekly shipments from Havana, Cuba, including the following well-known brands: "Henry Clay," "Upmann," "La Carolina," "J. S. Murias," "Bock," "Partagas," "Larranaga," "Bolivar," "La Corona," "Antiguedad," "Pedro Murias," "Punch," "Romeo and Julieta," "Jos. Otero," "Cabanas," "La Africana," "Manuel Garcia," "Villar Villar," and other leading brands, in boxes of 100, 50, and special boxes of 25 suitable for week-end outings.

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THE POWER OF PERFECTION

was never more fully exemplified than in the success of

Dunville's Irish Whisky

PERFECTION

is that condition of absolute completeness to which many aspire, which few attain, which none can surpass.

SUCCESS

is the natural outcome of "Perfection." DUNVILLE'S IRISH affords striking evidence of the certain popularity to be obtained by "A Perfect Whisky."



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FOR CANADA:

William Farrell, Limited

WHOLESALE WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS

26 and 28
St. Sulpice St
Montreal.

The Evening Struggle.

'Tis sad to see young Newlywed
Each evening as he labors
To try and make his little lawn
Look better than his neighbor's.

Natural Enough.

"Why does he behave in that silly
fashion when he's with her?"
"Oh! that's his fiancée; she simply
owns him."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Well, under the circumstances, it's
natural for him to behave like
one possessed."—Philadelphia "Public
Ledger."